The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 42 FRANCE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918 PRICE: 50 CENTIMES. UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS. GREAT BRITAIN, SIXPENCE.

THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Singing, Spike - Helmeted Doughboys Pass Longwy and Briey

250,000 TROOPS ON MARCH

Veteran Battling Divisions in Forces of Occupation Glory in "The Party"

Nine divisions strong—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 32nd, 42nd, 89th and 90th—the Third American Army began on the morning of Sunday, November 17, its march to the Rhine.

It was at 5:30 that the order "Forward, march" sounded along the American line from Mouzon to Thiaucourt—Mouzon on the Meuse just below Sedan and Thiaucourt down in the heart of what was once the St. Mihiel salient.

An hour or so earlier, the unfriendly notes of reveille had disturbed the chill November air and tumbled out of a myriad dugouts and pup tents a stamping, growling, cursing crew who damned the Kaiser and swore at Germany, but not one of whom could have been hired for love or money to go off on leave this day of days.

Indeed, for several days before the march began, officers and men who had started forth so gaily on their long postponed leaves kept hurrying back of their own accord at the first inkling that their outfit had been among those nominated to keep a watch on the Rhine. Even men who, on the strength of the armistice, had decided to go AWOL for a day or so, would glean the good news at half-way towns like Bar-le-Duc or Châlons and come sneaking back as fast as their legs or hospitable trucks would carry them. Every one wanted to be among those present at what came in no time to be known as "The Party."

Singing Toward the Frontier

So, when the sun came up on the morning of the 17th it found them all marching in columns of squads along the highways that lead to the frontier—plodding along and singing as they went. And the song that they sang to Germany was a new version of an old favorite which broke ever and again into the familiar refrain, "The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming."

Ahead of them, as they ambled forward, stretched a countryside strewn with the things the Germans had been too hurried or too indifferent to carry along. In nearly every village, the streets were fairly littered with German guns, German helmets, German cartridge belts as though, when the armistice news came they had been dropped then and there, never to be picked up again by German hands.

Whole platoons of American Infantry could be seen parading toward the frontier, each head adorned with a spiked German helmet. The souvenir market was glutted before sundown of the first day, and lugers, which a fortnight before, would have sold for anywhere from 100 to 300 francs, could be had in exchange for one package of cigarettes.

Then there were big guns and an occasional truck abandoned in the haste of the great departure. One of these trucks was as empty as a ruined town, but on its tailboard the departing enemy had hung this affable sign: "Help yourselfs."

Best Find of All

Then, treasure trove of treasure troves, the advancing Americans found in the German hospitals some Yankee wounded. In the big hospital at Virton, for instance, the Germans had been obliged to leave behind some 400 men too seriously wounded to be moved—left them there with a full staff of surgeons and nurses to care for them—and among these were nine Americans. They had lain there, lonesome and helpless, for many weary days and nights. They woke on the morning of the 12th to find friendly Americans swarming around their beds, showering them with cigarettes and magazines.

And all along the way the men of the Third Army, moving forward unmolested as though on some easy practice march, were greeted and passed by an unending stream of refugees, thousands upon thousands of scantily clad, hungry, tired, happy refugees, prisoners of war, civilian prisoners, fugitive townsfolk, men, women and children, of all ages and all nationalities, thousands upon thousands of them pouring through the towns and villages already gay with French and American flags.

By Monday night the troops, having advanced some 40 kilometers and reached the Luxembourg frontier, settled down for breath.

On Thursday morning the march was resumed through Luxembourg, from the general line Etalle, Saint-Léger, Longwy, Audum-le-Romain, Briey.

The Third American Army, which is

Continued on Page 2

CERTAIN AIR UNITS SOON TO SAIL HOME

Some of Squadrons Now in England to Leave in Few Days

The first A. E. F. organizations to leave for home will be certain air units, according to announcement from G. H. Q.

The number will include, however, some of the squadrons now in England. Many of the first soldiers of the A. E. F. who will watch the sun set over the Atlantic from the prow instead of the stern, therefore, will be men who have never been in France.

Some of these squadrons in England will start for home within a few days.

Apart from these air units, the sick and wounded will form the chief vanguard of the homegoing army.

S.O.S. DROPS PLANS FOR IMMENSE ARMY AS LINE GOES EAST

European Contracts for Food and Equipment Cancelled

40,000 MEN GOING FORWARD

Divisions in Army of Occupation Will Be Brought Up to Full Strength

Construction projects of all kinds—docks, warehouses, railroad facilities, cantonments, gasoline tanks and so on—planned by the Service of Supply to serve an immense army of more than 4,000,000 men in France next spring were abruptly abandoned with the signing of the armistice, and European contracts for food, clothing and equipment cancelled.

Nearly $1,000,000,000 proposed expenditures in America's war program were crossed off the Army's books at one stroke. At the same time plans were made for the pushing forward of the lines of communication to supply the advancing Army of Occupation and also to take care of the future backward flow of men and material to the base ports and Hoboken.

By the stopping of construction projects in the S. O. S., 40,000 men engaged in that work have been freed for other purposes, and they will be sent forward to the Army of Occupation to be used as replacements and bring up to full strength the divisions that will be given the task of holding the bridgeheads on the Rhine pending the final conclusion of peace.

Still Busy in S.O.S.

The work of giving the reverse English to the supply facilities of the S. O. S. depots, warehouses and docks and making it possible to handle business flowing in both directions, instead of the one way to the front as in the past, will keep a large number of men busy for some time. At the same time supplies will continue to go forward as before. As one S. O. S. man puts it, "We are learning how to leapfrog both ways at once."

When the sick and wounded have been sent on their way homeward, the remaining men in the S. O. S., according to competent authority, will stay on the job of supplying the Army of Occupation until the final withdrawal of the American Army from Europe is begun. In other words, the great majority of the men in the S. O. S. will carry on at the same old stand as long as there is an Army of Occupation on the Rhine front.

In the Transportation Service alone construction projects at 43 different places in France from Brest to Toulon and Bordeaux to the English Channel have been canceled. Among the projects involved were an immense dock on deep water to accommodate 20 odd supply ships at once, ammunition docks and warehouses, engine terminals, lighterage wharfs and storage yards, railroad sidings and double tracking of existing roads.

The locomotive and car program has been reduced by 2,500 locomotives and 61,000 cars, and orders for several hundred cranes of all kinds cancelled, as well as orders for hundreds of tugs, lighters, barges and floating derricks.

Construction work for the Air Service, Remount, Veterinary Hospital and Motor Transport projects has been limited to the completion of buildings and facilities already begun or necessary for future developments. The work of the Forestry Division in getting out piling and lumber for construction has been greatly curtailed and will continue so unless conditions along the Rhine show a need for barracks and sentry boxes. And of course, orders for front line Engineer stores, such as trench materials, bomb proof shelters, barbed wire and so on, went by the board at once.

Ordnance Work Reduced

The Ordnance Department has been called upon to reduce greatly the number of its repair shops and storage depots and the program for tools and machinery for rifling, chambering, relining and retubing guns and howitzers, and for the repair of tractors and gun carriages has been reduced by two-thirds.

The Motor Transport Corps will reduce its program for motor vehicles of all kinds from an 80-division basis to a three-army basis. The Chemical Warfare Service has cancelled all its orders for defensive supplies in the United States and Europe and all offensive supplies, with the exception of enough to complete the equipment of all gas troops in the Army. The Air Service material program will be determined later, and all construction work has been stopped.

The Quartermaster Corps stopped manufacturing hard bread, emergency and trench rations with the issuance of the new orders. Contracts for mechanical bakeries and coffee roasting machinery were cancelled. Contracts for clothing in England, cloth in Spain and special clothing, such as nifty blue sweaters for the troops in the Vosges, were suspended.

No More Office Equipment

Shipments of typewriters, office equipment and rolling kitchens and animal-drawn vehicles were called off. No more marmite cans, braziers and cans, G. I., will be manufactured. No more purchases of band instruments and music will be made, except for bands of the Regular Army. Warehouses rented from the French which are not absolutely needed will be turned back to their owners, and no more charcoal will be purchased. Eight 55,000-barrel tanks will not be needed, and shipment will not be made.

The activities of the Garden Service will be limited to the production of vegetable gardens in the vicinity of hospitals.

The Medical Corps has been directed to provide for normal hospitalization on a basis of 7½ per cent of total strength, instead of 15 per cent as heretofore. Construction work in progress at a number of places has been stopped and authorization for other hospitals cancelled. The Signal Corps has cancelled all requisitions for divisional equipment, both in Europe and the United States.

HER BEST THANKSGIVING

BREST COMES UP FROM BOTTOM AND LEADS PORT RACE

Midnight Movies and Band Music Help Week's Victors

ALL BASES SHOW BIG GAIN

Fortnight Freight Unloading Figures Show Increase of 22 Per Cent

The second week of the S. O. S.'s special freight-unloading Race to Berlin saw the port of Brest raise itself by its boot straps out of the cellar position that it occupied during the first week of the contest and land itself first in the race with a kerplunk.

The week also saw the old port of Bordeaux keep its second place in the seven days' standing, with a good over-and-above average, and the port of Marseilles, which headed the race for the first week, drop to third. But, as has been shown by Brest, there is always a chance for a come-back, and you never can tell what will happen in the S. O. S. For example, who would have dreamed two weeks ago that the nine base ports could have increased their freight unloading figures 22 per cent in one brief fortnight? More than that, their work of the last week shows a raise of 15,229 per cent over the figures of the week previous.

Here are the figures for the second week, the ports being listed in the order of their performance during that time, and also the percentages for the two weeks' work:

Port	2nd Week.	For 2 Weeks.
Brest	176,239	261,534
Bordeaux	130,464	253,171
Marseilles	124,108	258,408
La Pallice	115,555	217,637
Le Havre	113,748	227,770
St. Nazaire	111,050	216,589
Rochefort	98,931	214,386
Rouen	88,592	195,633
Nantes	83,762	193,777

From the second column of figures it will be seen that the standing of the ports up to date is, in order, Brest, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Le Havre, La Pallice, St. Nazaire, Rochefort, Rouen and Nantes.

Midnight Movies at Brest

At Brest free movies are being shown on the docks at midnight three nights out of the week for the benefit of the night shift. To boom things along even more, the 13th Marines' band has been detached from its regiment and made the official musical organization of the base. And Major O'Neil, who sent his representative around town cutting the question marks out of the "Race to Berlin?" signs is beginning to throw out his chest quite a bit.

While it doesn't show up in the figures, it is only fair to the port of Bordeaux to state that, instead of knocking off and having a party on the Glorious Eleventh, the Stevedores threw in a little more steam and unloaded 10,642 tons of freight on that memorable day, which is a record so far in the contest, and most astounding in view of the fact that Bordeaux's daily average for September and October was only 6,131 tons.

For the first week of the contest, the Boreaux gang unloaded an average of 7,923 tons a day, and for the second week boosted it to 8,395 tons. During the middle of the week there was a slump due to the shortage of ships, and the gang declares that it will not be satisfied until it has passed the 10,000 ton mark as its daily average for a whole week running.

Continued on Page 2

SOLDIERS ON OCEAN DOUBT PEACE NEWS

But When U-Boats Fail to Fight, Armistice Is Celebrated

When the good ship Nansemond, loaded with 1,200 horses, 165 enlisted men and four officers, picked out of the air over the North Atlantic on November 11 a message saying that fighting had ceased in Europe, everybody, including the K. P.'s, yawned, smoked an extra pipeful of tobacco or a dozen cigarettes and crawled into his bunk early. Nobody could kid them.

But the next noon, when a U-boat was sighted plowing peaceably along off the port side just out of gun range, they all thought, as the king said, "there's something in it." When, a few hours later another U-boat, being sighted, acted like a trained and performing duck but without sign of hostility, everybody was almost convinced.

There was some talk, of course, that U-boats had run out of ammunition or had mutinied, but when a British admiralty wireless was intercepted next day saying that the zig-zagging was no longer necessary and ships could light up, 165 men and four officers forgot codfish breakfasts, seasickness and all the other trials of the voyage and marched the decks singing and cheering. That evening there was a special armistice dinner of chicken and plum pudding, and the boys smoked cigarettes on deck and the vessel speeded straight ahead with all portholes looking like searchlights.

First in After Armistice

The Nansemond was the first big troopship to arrive at St. Nazaire after the armistice had been signed.

"Why don't you make some noise?" asked a disappointed St. Nazairite, who had expected that the men on the troopship would jump overboard in their hurry to learn the news the minute a hint was shouted to them.

"We left our voices on the ocean back there," said one of the new men hoarsely. "We've celebrated every inch of the way in."

MADAME PAQUIN PICKS A.S.C. COLORS

Steel Gray and Marine Blue Selection of Paris Modiste

It took Madame Paquin herself to choose and match up the distinctive colors of the new Army Service Corps, which, being the last big Army department organized, found that the rainbow had been pretty well riddled of available shades by the other branches, which picked their colors months ago.

The A. S. C. major with the color picking job on his hands had an inspiration. Service colors being necessary mostly for piping on officers' overseas caps, and Madame Paquin knowing quite a little about millinery in general—why not let the famous Paris modiste solve the problem in color harmony?

As for Madame Paquin, she considered herself honored at being able to serve the American Army. So, after much matching of ribbons and laying of colors on olive drab cloth, Madame Paquin decided that steel gray and marine blue would be just about right. Her selection is now official.

LETTERS HOME NOW MAY MENTION TOWN AND GIVE ALL NEWS

Censorship Relaxed Also to Permit Sender's Full Address

CASUALTY RULING STANDS

Use of Camera Still Requires Specific Authorization—Regard for Accuracy Essential

In view of the armistice, new rules of mail censorship have been adopted, to continue in force until further notice. The old rules governing the contents of soldiers' mail have been suspended in part, but retained in certain instances.

You may now tell where you are in your letters home (don't forget to do so in your letter to Dad next Sunday) and you may mention the name of your company, regiment, or other organization right out bold under your name on the outside of your envelope. A sample of the letter head that may be employed and the wording to go in the upper left hand corner of the envelope is:

Corporal John Smith
Co. A, 1st Infantry,
American E. F.

The A. P. O. number, if you know it, should also be used. The military address is still in force, and civilian addresses in France, that is, by towns and departments, are not to be on the outside of the envelope.

You may discuss freely the activities and locations, past and present, of the organization to which you are attached, with, of course, due regard to accuracy. You may not, however, criticize the government of the United States, its conduct or its policy, or that of any of the Allied Governments.

Casualty Letters Checked

Letters mentioning individual casualties by name must still be routed via the Central Records Office, and the envelopes must carry the words "Via Casualty Section, Central Records Office, American E. F., Bourges, France."

Photographic post cards you may send to the United States or to Allied countries, even if they tell where you are, the lifting of the ban on the mention of localities, relieving many soldiers who have wanted to send back pictures of the places in which they were quartered. But, as before, the rule holds tight that no immoral post cards, pictures, text, etc., can be forwarded.

Members of the A. E. F. are as stringently forbidden as ever to invite strangers to communicate with them, to correspond with strangers in response to invitations from the latter, to solicit gifts of any sort, to attempt to do any of these things, or to cause or permit any other person to do them. It is prohibited, just as before, to forward communications through intermediaries in such a way as to appear to evade the censorship rules.

The restrictions in regard to letters and post cards also apply to packages. It is forbidden to include in any outgoing parcels any necessities of life, any property of the United States or of Allied governments, or any explosives or portions of explosives which are still dangerous, or other dangerous matter. Telegraphic, cable and telephone messages are all subject to the general rules covering letters and post cards.

The censorship rule prohibiting the taking of photographs by any member of the A. E. F. not specially authorized to do so remains unchanged.

LID OFF CENSORSHIP FOR FATHER'S LETTER

New Rulings Announced Just in Time to Allow Family to Know Whole Story of Your Life in France

TONS OF WRITING PAPER IN SIGHT FOR SUNDAY

Postmaster General Promises to Speed Messages at American End—Don't Forget the Inscription: "Dad's Xmas Letter"

All right, fellows!

Get the dilatory digits of your writing hand limbered and lined up, fall in the thumb as right guide, sharpen your fountain pen and fill your pencil (or vice versa), get a strangle hold on good intent, and write that Christmas Victory Letter to Dad Sunday. Everything is all ready.

Everything is all ready for the grandest carnival of letter writing that the world has known since writing became popular in the best circles. Roughly, a number of men not very far under two millions are going to sit down and write a letter to their father—or somebody else's father—on this side of the ocean, and somewhere near a million fathers, we should say offhandedly, on the other side of the water, are going to do likewise. The U.S.A. end is all fixed.

The American news agencies, the Associated Press, the International News Service and the United Press, have sent the word across to America that every son in the A.E.F. is going to write to his dad on Sunday, November 24, and that every son in the A.E.F. expects his father to write to him on the same day. It puts it right up to the old gent—the time being appointed and everything—and, also, it puts it right up to us over here.

If you don't write next Sunday you are going to have a hot time explaining why you didn't. That's a certainty.

Censor's Whiskers Come Off

The censorship regulations (see 5th column, this page) have been revised, dehorned, truncated and in other ways have got what's coming to them. The censor has removed his green whiskers and appears as a pretty harmless individual. You can tell where you've been and what you've done. You can tell where you are. So thus conveniently supplied there won't be any dearth of things to write about. The trouble will be telling it all.

Tell the old gent the battles you were in, whether it was Château-Thierry or Tours.

Tell him how we licked 'em.
Tell him how you helped.
Tell him what you're doing now,
Tell him when you'll be ho——.

Pardon us. But you can tell him pretty near everything you can think of now.

All the necessaries of letter writing there will be a-plenty. The auxiliary organizations of the A. E. F. are seeing to that. Paper is going forward, backward, sideways and in every other direction in spite of any blockades by counter movement or inertia. Also, the auxiliary organizations are going to extend themselves as much as possible, and at some places where it is practical Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day will be observed with the consideration which it deserves.

For Army of Occupation

Trucks going forward behind the Army of Occupation are carrying paper and envelopes, pen and ink. Representatives of the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, Red Cross and the Jewish Welfare Board will make special efforts to distribute it.

Just a few words to the Army of Occupation. If you are under way on Sunday, November 24—and from the dope we get you probably will be—and it is impossible for you to write on that day, do it on November 25 or 26, and your letter will get aboard Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Ship with the rest.

It is for this advancing Army that we make the only exception. It is essential that all the rest of the mail be written before the close of next Sunday and that it be censored in the companies and organizations as soon as possible. Company censors and mail orderlies are urged to expedite this work to their utmost.

Sure to Be Speeded

Once the letters are in the postoffice, the Postal Service will do its part. The letters will be rushed to the base port from which they will be sent to the States. And once in the States they will be hurried onward to their ultimate destination. This was assured by receipt of the following telegram by THE STARS AND STRIPES this week:

Your cablegram 13th. The Post Office Department will make every effort to expedite delivery of Father's Christmas Letters. Proper instructions will be issued to all postmasters.

BURLESON, Postmaster-General.

The letters will arrive in the United States in time for delivery to every State in the Union for Christmas reading.

Above all, don't forget to write to the lonesome, bereft fathers in the States who have given their greatest possession for the cause—the fathers whose sons have died in battle. Write to them. In the great cry of victory in the United States which has greeted our triumph over here, in the talk and speculation about our return in the months to come, they are the poorest men in the world. We can make them the richest. We can let each one of them know the details of how his boy died, after laying his all on the altar of freedom, after gladly offering his life to the country that gave him birth.

Remember that, even under the liberalized censorship rules, references to casualties must still go through the Casualty Section of the Central Records Office, at Bourges, and must be so addressed, as explained in another column. That office, however, will make every effort to speed the messages of sympathy.

If You Don't Know the Address

Remember the fathers of every one of the old gang who is gone. Write to them. If you don't know the address and can't get it from the company clerk or any other convenient source, send it to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and we will do our best to see that it is delivered.

In answer to inquiries, it may be said that members of the Army auxiliary organizations are included, too, every one, in the letter writing. The Navy is in on the scheme, of course. Nobody is excluded who knows his ABC's.

In the hospitals the Red Cross is going to make complete distribution of paper, pen and ink. Special workers will be on hand to take the dictation of any soldiers who are not able to write

WOUNDED AND SICK GET FIRST CHANCE AT HOMEWARD TRIP

Serious Cases Should Be Back in America Within Three Months

BED TO EVERY 14 MEN

Many Hospital Construction Plans Suspended—Medical Units Will Continue to Arrive

All seriously wounded men of the A. E. F. now in hospitals in France probably will have been transported to the United States before three months have passed, according to the office of the Chief Surgeon. Seriously ill patients also will be taken back as transportation will permit.

With approximately 250,000 beds in A. E. F. hospitals now, the Medical Department plans to have a hospital bed to every 14 men in the A. E. F. Plans for the fighting period called for one bed for approximately every seven men, statistics so far having shown that sickness and battle casualties made about equal demands on hospital facilities.

There are 21 complete hospital trains now in service, and contracts for 20 more have been held up. Contracts for 20 trains designed to carry sitting cases only have also been held up.

Many Plans Suspended

Fifteen thousand additional beds in new hospitals, mostly converted hotels, in the district about Nice and Mentone will be taken over according to plan.

New medical units will continue to arrive from the States for some time, because with the rapid transportation of fighting troops to France the Medical Department had not been able to maintain its authorized proportional strength.

A number of A. E. F. hospital units which have been attached to the British forces since the United States entered the war will probably learn soon whether they will be returned for duty with the American forces.

21 GERMANS TAKEN TO ONE AMERICAN

A.E.F. Captures 44,934 Prisoners, Loses 2,082 to Enemy

The American troops in all their fighting in France took more than 21 German prisoners for every American captured by the enemy.

The total number of Germans captured by the Americans is 44,934, not including prisoners made during the last few days of hostilities in Belgium, of which no tabulation has yet been made. The number of American soldiers in German hands at the time of the armistice, as reported to the military attaché of the American Legation in Switzerland as of October 15, was 2,082.

Of the German prisoners 682 are officers and 44,252 enlisted men, while the American captured, according to the latest returns received by the A. G. O., A. E. F., were 209 officers and 1,873 men.

CANTEENS NEAR RHINE

Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross divisional staffs and representatives of other A. E. F. auxiliary organizations, will accompany the American Army of Occupation into Germany and continue to minister to the soldier's needs as heretofore. Canteen supplies will follow the men on the march.

Huts, recreation and writing rooms and libraries will be opened in the occupied territories and will be operated in an even greater profusion, probably, than before the signing of the armistice. The Red Cross had ordered several hundred huts for use on the front this winter, and many of these are available for immediate use for the advancing Army.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.

THE enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result.

Our armies hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live.

I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail.

Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield.

Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the most heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

France, November 12, 1918.

themselves. Red Cross workers who search out and care for American wounded in British and French hospitals are going to carry paper and envelopes with them on Sunday. At the casual camps, too, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. will provide writing materials and will also make them available in their canteens at the important junctions in the S. O. S. and Advanced Zones.

Suppose You're a Casual

If you happen next Sunday to be a homeless casual on your way you know not where, drop in at a canteen and get paper. If your stop is long enough, write the letter there. If it isn't, write it on the train and mail it the first time you get a chance.

There is a paper scarcity in France. At least one was reported when the Christmas letter plan first was discussed. But it has been overcome. The K. of C., for instance, has 6,000,000 sheets of writing paper and 4,000,000 envelopes for November distribution, most of which will be available for Dad's Christmas Letters. The Red Cross has printing plants in 20 French cities and towns at work on nearly 5,000,000 sheets of letter paper appropriately inscribed, with envelopes enough to put 'em in.

After you've got the letter done, get it to your unit's censor. In the upper right-hand corner write:

DAD'S CHRISTMAS LETTER.

This is extremely important. That inscription will entitle your letter to special delivery treatment both here and in the United States. It will insure your letter's reaching your father for Christmas Day reading.

BREST COMES UP FROM BOTTOM AND LEADS PORT RACE

Continued from Page 1

Brigadier-General W. D. Connor, former commanding officer of the base section of which Bordeaux is the center, before leaving to become chief of staff, S. O. S., presented a large red and yellow silk banner, to be the property of the winning Stevedore company each week. The 834th Company of the 809th Battalion, commanded by Captain Louis Albe, won it the first week, along with green and red brassards to be worn by its members. The men of the 834th, moreover, have been given other privileges, such as front row seats at Y shows and so forth, and the same privileges will be accorded each week to the company that comes out top dog.

Though both the day and night shifts on the Bassens docks near Bordeaux have to form up to go to work in the dark, a band is always there alongside to play them off, as is the case at St. Nazaire, which now boasts five bands. The Bordeaux Y people have hired a real live lion cub from a French animal store to lend his roar to the contest.

Marseilles, all pepped up by its initial success, launched into all sorts of schemes to keep the drive going. The 134th Infantry band has been detailed at old Massilia, and in addition there is a jazz band, organized among the negro Stevedores, both white and colored male quartets and choruses, and a live minstrel company, all dedicated to the cause of boosting the contest.

Officers as Short Talkers

Every night at midnight one of the quartets turns out on the docks to cheer the gang along, and a number of officers have been drafted to act as four-minute speakers. The subscription for prizes to go to the winning company was started by the provost marshal and the pier commander with contributions of 1,000 francs each.

La Pallice, too, has its colored minstrel troupe, and the band of the 35th Engineers, Railway, from up in La Rochelle has come down to render its aid in the booming process. A parade on Sunday last saw 10,000 men in line, with three bands, just to let folks know that the Vendée port were up and kicking.

Rochefort, neighbor to La Pallice, has been unloading a lot of oil, but oil—along with horses, mules and men—does not count in the unloading contest. However, on every truck leaving the Rochefort docks is inscribed, for the benefit of M. P.'s, the sign, "Don't Hold Up This Truck. It's On Its Way to Hoboken." The slogan adopted for the second week of the big drive is, "Eleven Hours in Nine by Keeping Busy Every Minute."

The French civilians working at Rochefort did not knock off on Armistice Day, but worked all the harder, and, what is more, all were on the job early next morning.

Prize Posters and Songs

Instead of one man winning St. Nazaire's prize for the best race poster, three of them have tied for the honor, so all three will get that coveted 7 day leave to Paris. They are: 2nd Lieut. Ely M. Behar, Q. M. C.; Lieut. Simon Wasserman, 309th Engrs., and Sgt. C. R. Kinghan. The prize song contest was won by Master Engineer, Senior Grade, Charles P. Leonard, with the following spirited parody on "Over There":

In Berlin, in Berlin, in Berlin Kaiser Bill said a prayer—
Heard the steves were coming and started running.
And just made Holland by a hair.
St. Nazaire, St. Nazaire, in the race to Berlin, said "Beware!"
To the Kaiser—and now he's wiser,
For we helped to put the fini to La Guerre!

At La Havre and Rouen, the British authorities have promised to lend hands to stir things up. At the latter place, the British and Belgian port officers are going to give prizes to the dock foremen whose men turn out the best average each week.

Though in the cellar position this week, Nantes is not discouraged. Lieut. Curran, the port contest officer, has plastered the place with signs that read: "Be Careful. Every Accident Holds Us Back."

REVEILLE OUSTS 77'S AS WHOLE FRONT QUIETS

Squads East and West Order of Day When Guns Stop Barking

REAL BUGLE, REAL DRILLS

Campfires Glow Where Lighted Match Might Once Have Brought Down Barrage

All last week the battle line along the Meuse, from Sedan down toward Verdun, presented the strange and somewhat comic spectacle of the American Army all dressed up and no one to fight.

From that never-to-be-forgotten eleventh hour of November 11 to dawn on the following Sunday, when the march to the Rhine began, the front was a rest area.

The river line, where only a week before it had been treason and madness to strike a match, now glowed with the embers of a thousand Yankee campfires. The bugle music of retreat sounded out at sundown across what had been No Man's Land. There, field kitchens, warped and weary from the strain of chasing the doughboys for 40 breathless kilometers, had a chance at last to trundle past them, settle down in front of them, and, thus strangely placed, bring forth an endless succession of well-earned flapjacks.

There, too, the free-and-easy, rip-and-let-her-go-boys existence of the front gave way to all the fuss and feathers of cantonment life. Formal guard mount there would be as the afternoon shadows lengthened along the Meuse, and drills there were a-plenty, drills in fields to which the shell holes gave the look of new-plowed ground. Where but a week before the cannon had cursed and the machine guns rattled there could be heard now nothing but the harsh calls of "Squads left, damn you," and "Squads right about."

Roused by Reveille

The doughboy, roused on these frosty November mornings by the half-forgotten sound of reveille, and discovering that life in the front line had become suddenly complicated by the unfamiliar presence there of the top sergeant, crawled out of his canvas "chatoo," shivered, cursed and, in the bottom of his heart, wondered if this old armistice was all it had been cracked up to be.

The front was a rest area, meaning that the troops, after the first wild unchecked jubilation of the 11th, had settled down to work. It was drill, drill, drill for the Infantry and the Artillery. It was work from dawn to dusk for the Signal Corps wiremen getting ready to link the Meuse and the Rhine—work, too, for the Pioneers and Engineers on the splintered river bridges and on all the roads approaching them. Now and again one of their quarry explosions would jar all the battlefields and start each time the agitating suggestion that the war had reopened for business.

The week was made stirring, heart-warming, memorable by the steady flow through our inpatient lines of prisoners returning from Germany. Out of Longwy, out of Longuyon, and all the towns and villages of the frontier came a happy multitude of young and old, men and women, soldiers and civilians.

Whole Columns of Boys

There were whole columns of boys, kidnapped early in the war from up Lille way. They had been toiling dismally in the towns from which the Germans were now departing for good and all. When the order had come for the lines to withdraw beyond the Rhine, their captors turned them loose.

Then, one and all, they set their faces toward Paris. Was it still there—Paris? Had it been bombed to pieces? The Germans said so. Had Clemenceau been killed? The Germans said so.

So the questions poured from them when once more they found themselves with friendly faces all about. They had not enough clothing on their backs nor enough food in their bellies, but one and all, they were grinning from ear to ear, and, one and all, they got fed somehow at the inexhaustible American kitchens as they trudged through our lines along the wonder-road that led to home.

Back to Their Own Division

Then there were prisoners of war as well, French, Italian, Russian—and American, some abruptly and dramatically released from their work on the roads behind the German lines, some formally delivered from the big prison camp in Luxembourg. Of these, the most eager and the most fleet were five Yanks, taken prisoner at Juvigny in September, who outstripped the rest and arrived one night, fagged out, hungry and footsore at the American line. By a freak of circumstance, they found themselves in the area of their own division.

"Who's there?" the sentry called.

"Go to hell," a voice answered affectionately from the darkness. "I'm Hindy himself, if you all want to know."

The sentry forgot that he was a sentry and disobeyed four or five general orders in rapid succession, so great was his haste to welcome the wanderers. He threw down his gun, which hardboiled sentries never do, and shook hands all round.

That was after the Boches had started to fade silently away from their positions on the other side of No Man's Land, but even before their going, some recently captured prisoners began to trickle back to their own people. And if the War Diary is really complete, it will have an entry noting gravely how on the night of the 11th, some 28 American prisoners were brought down to the barbed wire by their captors and there formally handed over in exchange for two cartons of cigarettes.

Thousands of Last Shots

Meanwhile, no chronicler can ever hope to set down all the yarns that were told and all the rumors that were spread around the campfires at night. From a hasty compilation of the statistics there furnished, an investigator could easily establish the fact that the last shot of the war was fired 78,926 times. At least that many shells have already been sold to Y. M. C. A. men and other Americans in France as certified souvenirs of the last moment of the war.

And the rumors. Just as the camps back in the States used to buzz every morning with the news that the outfit was going to France, so last week every organization in the Zone of Advance was on edge with the expectation of leaving before dark for Berlin. And, though home would not look so very terrible to most of us just now, it should be set down here that every unit not invited to the Rhine felt highly outraged at the omission.

Then, just as last summer the A. E. F. was agog over the question as to which outfits would parade in Paris on the Fourth of July, so now there has been an omnipresent bit of inside stuff acording to which three divisions will march up Fifth avenue on Christmas Day. Each division is a little puzzled as to the identity of the other two.

Jazz for Famous Scot

It was after dark that the yarns and the rumors throve. And the festivities, too. It was during that motionless week that the greatest and gentlest Scot of our time made a pilgrimage to Verdun. He found its battered streets packed with parading poilus, Tommies and Yanks, with here and there some soldiers from Russia and Italy and Algiers and far-off Annam.

He went to the old cathedral at night, drawn across the courtyard to the basement of the saintly College Marguerite, by the zippy discords from one of the jazz bands in France.

There he found officers and nurses treading the stately measures of the fox trot. He wandered through the dim candle lit corridors of the citadel itself, in front of which, in a space of three square kilometers, the armies of Germany and France fought night and day through eight of the most bitter and most critical months in the history of man. Now, around each candle, a group of soldiers bent over something on the stone flagging and from each group ever and anon, a strange incantation which seemed, at times to form such phrases as:

"What's that? What's that? Baby needs a pair o' shoes. What's that? Read 'em and weep, I tell you. Read 'em and weep!"

CHANCE TO COME BACK

First Old Timer: Well, thank God this war's about over!

Second Old Timer: Yes, we can clean out a few of these civilians now and have a real army.

TIME TO LET HIM KNOW

"What's for dinner tonight?"

"Slum."

"Guess the mess sergeant still thinks there's a war on."

THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Continued from Page 1

known as the Army of Occupation, is made up of 250,000 troops, commanded by Major General J. T. Dickman.

Six of its divisions had been in the thick of every big American fight since Marshal Foch launched the counter-offensive in mid-July.

There is the First, whose Infantry paraded the Champs-Elysées that first French Fourth of July in 1917, the First with its memories of Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. It is commanded by Brig.-Gen. Frank Parker.

There is the Second, half Infantry and half Marines, that made Belleau Wood a name to conjure with in American history, that was very much in evidence at St. Mihiel, that jumped in to help General Gouraud in Champagne in October and from that task hustled over to the Argonne to take the center of the line when the smash was made on November 1. The commander is Major-Gen. John A. Lejeune, M. C.

First at Chateau-Thierry

There is the Third, the first American division to jump into the fight at Château-Thierry, the division that held the Marne on that historic July 15 when the last German offensive began and one of the divisions that were longest in the line during the Argonne battle. The commander is Brig-Gen. Preston Brown.

There is the Fourth, likewise a veteran of the Chateau-Thierry salient and a tower of strength during the entire first month of the Argonne drive. The commander is Major-Gen. Mark L. Hersey.

Besides these four are two divisions builded on National Guard foundations—the 32nd and the Rainbow. The 32nd is made up largely of men from Wisconsin and Michigan.

On the Ourcq and the Vesle, one of its elements won from the French the name of "The Terrible Brigade" and the 32nd, before getting ready for its rôle in the Argonne, was used by General Mangin as the spearhead of one of his mighty thrusts below the Saint Gobain Forest. It is commanded by Major-Gen. William C. Haan.

Then there is the Rainbow, the division whose regiments come from New York, Alabama, Ohio and Iowa. The Rainbow has always been among those present at all American battles. It was part of the dam that General Gouraud reared to stem the German tide east of Rheims on July 15. It led the charge across the Ourcq on July 28, it pitched in at St. Mihiel, it took the Côte de Chatillon in the Argonne and in the last great week, it raced the First Division to the gates of Sedan. The commander is Brig.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

The 5th, 89th and 90th Divisions were very much in the thick of the fighting this fall, and for the most part, side by side.

Fifth in the Argonne

At St. Mihiel, the 5th Division was in the front lines from September 12 to 15, inclusive. During the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines from October 13 to 20, inclusive, again taking its place there on October 27 and going through to the end. It is commanded by Major-Gen. Hanson E. Ely.

The 89th Division, commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank L. Winne, was in both the St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne operations. It went into the latter the middle of September, remaining through October 7. After 12 days of relief, it returned to the front lines and was still there when fighting ceased.

The 90th Division, commanded by Major-Gen. Henry T. Allen, also took part in both operations. In the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines on September 26 and remained with the advance through October 10. Then, after ten days' relief from front line duty, it was returned and was in the thick of battle until the hour of the armistice.

WHOLE FAMILY OF A.E.F.'S ORPHANS NOW NEARLY 1400

Christmas Campaign Adoptions Alone Reach Total of 862

ONE MORE CENTURY MARK

Waif Taken All the Way from Philippines—Young Lady Mixes Her Arithmetic

This was another "century week" in the adoption of Christmas Gift War Orphans by the A.E.F. Business seems to be getting better.

The week's adoptions were 115, and the total of fatherless French children taken in financial tow by the American Army in Europe in the Christmas campaign of THE STARS AND STRIPES reached 862. The size of the A.E.F.'s entire family, including the earlier adoptions, reached 1,380.

Business, it may be said right now, is so rip roarin', all fired good—so much better than we figured on when we listed 500 orphans and innocently placed them on the market and the mercy of the American soldiers—that the Red Cross committee in charge of the children is temporarily swamped, and, of necessity, is a little behind in the allotment of orphans to new parrains.

By way of explanation, it should be stated that every child, before adoption, is personally investigated, and from the vast number of orphans who come under the attention of the committee only the most needy are selected. After selection, a history of each child must be compiled, a photograph taken and other detailed work done. We had 500 cases ready, history, photographs, and all, when we started the Christmas drive, intending to allot them at the rate of, say, 50 a week. In five weeks the whole 500 were gone.

Another 500 Soon Ready

The Red Cross committee is now working up another 500 cases, which will be ready in from one to three weeks. These will all be allotted in plenty of time for Christmas, with as many more as we can handle, if there are demands for more, as now seems likely. Incidentally, the condition of the children in the recently reconquered and evacuated regions of France is being investigated and, if their need is as great as believed, some of them will be allotted to the A.E.F. parrains.

At any rate, unless there is an unexpected increase in the number of francs generously coming into THE STARS AND STRIPES office for the benefit of France's coming generation, the delay will not be much more than a week or two, but, in the interim, we do not want you to think that we are staging a peace celebration with the francs.

Everybody seems to be lining up and putting his shoulder to the band wagon. Even the censor mellowed up and assisted this week. Just look at the list of adopters. Name of units, numbers and everything. For the first time since we started drumming the A.E.F. francs for war orphans, we can tell who kicks in. No more obscurity, no more ——s. Think of that!

No More ——s After This

In the last seven months we have used enough ——s to reach, if placed end to end, from the end of a mess line to the dishing-out stand. Spaced at a distance of a mile apart, they would reach from Paris, France, to a point in the Pacific Ocean seven miles west of the Farallone Islands, with enough left over to provide dashes for seven cartoons by Pvt. Wallgren. If converted into a noodle—but what's the use? Hereafter, no more blushing unseen. We get right out in the open and do it—if we can. The war is getting good.

This week's adoptions were featured by a fine response from the States. There were more than a dozen of them from as far off as California, and there was one from a whole lot further away than that, the Philippine Islands.

The one from the Philippines was taken by Virginia and Billy Brown of Manila, who earned and saved every cent of the 500 francs they contributed. They asked for a girl, and it is a toss-up whether the god-child will be younger than her sponsors or not.

But the most notable adoption from the States came from a young lady whose identity obviously cannot be disclosed. The details of this adoption were not outlined in the letter she sent with her 500 franc inclosure, but in another letter to a friend which has been confidentially turned over to the Orphan Department.

"I knew," said the young lady, "that a franc equaled about 19 cents and for some unknown, bonehead reason I divided 500 francs by 19 cents to figure it out in real money. It came out $26.

"There was the niftiest, nobbiest little reindeer brown jersey dress down town that fitted me like a glove, matched my newest, square, 'kinder-fully' hat, and just seemed meant for me. I'd think of that dress and the $30 it would separate me from, and then I'd think of that little French kid without any dress at all—and, of course, the dress lost.

$30 Worth of Francs

"I went and wrote my letter of transmittal to THE STARS AND STRIPES, saying I was enclosing $30 worth of francs for the war orphan. When I went to get my money order, of course, I had only 150 or so francs. I backed up and came home—so disappointed all over!

"That night I worried about the poor little kid, and I regretted not sending the money much more than the kid could possibly regret not receiving it. Next morning I surveyed my bank account and found that I could just scare up the necessary amount. Then I looked at my bank account and thought: What if I should take a trip and need new togs or get sick and need pills?

"Then I thought of the little Frenchie again—and you know what happened. I trotted down with the money for the 500 francs and sent it."

What do you think of that for an American girl? If any old millionaire philanthropist, or anybody else, for that matter, with more than enough money in hand for two meals can read that letter without feeling like a piker, we should like to know about it. And if any of the correspondents in the "French girls versus American" indignity in the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* can read it without having a guilty conscience, we should like to know about that, too.

From Teacher and Class

A third adoption from the States came from a school teacher and her class. The pupils sold tickets to help make up the necessary amount, and the little girl who sold the largest number of tickets will get the first letter from the class mascot as her reward. Still another child was adopted by cable by Mrs. Ada B. Gardner, of New York.

"Adopt girl. Draft and letter mailed," she wired.

There were not any particularly large adoptions in point of numbers by the A.E.F. this week, but there were some which represented a pretty heavy per capita assessment among the members of several units. Half a dozen small units and groups took two children each. A.R.C. Home No. 5 for Convalescent Officers, where the adoption of an orphan is almost a weekly event, took two this time.

Battery E, 338th F.A., took three, raising the money in two hours; the U.S. Naval Air Station at L'Aber Vrach took four; units of the U.S.A.A.S., through its official newspaper, *The Radiator*, adopted three more children, and the Headquarters Troop and Headquarters Detachment, 35th Division, who staged a private franc gathering contest between themselves, took four, two being adopted in memory of Corp. James M. Smyth and Pvt. Henry M. Williams, who were killed in action at Cheppy in the Battle of the Argonne, September 26.

Meet Wan Nien Shing

The week's godfathers included a Chinaman, Wan Nien Shing.

Wan Nien Shing is orderly for the officers of the Administrative Labor Companies at A.S.P.C. No. 2. When the officers started the collection of an orphan fund, he announced that he had to come in, too, and he did, to the extent of 45.50 francs.

The residents of Orient Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., held a carnival, the proceeds of which went to 14 sons and one daughter of the residents who are in the service of the United States. Orient Avenue is one block long and has between 25 and 30 houses. Sgt. 1st Class H. G. Fahlbusch, of the Chief Surgeon's Office, A.E.F., is one of the 14 sons. When he received his share of the carnival proceeds as a Christmas present he added something of his own to it and adopted an orphan.

How to Adopt an Orphan

Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit or individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for its support for one year.

The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan.

Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphans to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

This Week's Adoptions

Orphans were adopted this week as follows:

TAKEN THIS WEEK	
A. K. Elles, Herrin, Ill.	1
Battery B, 60th Art., C.A.C.	1
487th Aero Const. Squadron	1
Echelon American, Parc B; S.S.U. 620, and S.S.U. 583, U.S.A.A.S., through "The Radiator" (one each)	3
Officers and Men, U.S. Naval Air Station, Castletownbare, Ireland	1
2nd Bn., 60th Art., C.A.C.	1
Motor Field Hosp. No. 44, Base Sect. No. 1	1
Miss Betsey Robbins, Washington, D.C.	1
Camp Hosp. No. 22, A.S.	2
Hq. Co. 1, 145th Infd.	1
15th Co., 3rd A.S. Mech. Regiment	1
Miss Winifred Holhan, Hollywood, Cal.	1
Enlisted Men, Base Hosp. No. 12	1
Officers, Base Hosp. No. 12	1
Co. G, 101st Am. Tn.	2
Mrs. Ada B. Gardner, New York City	1
Officers and Men, Hq. Co., 105th Am. Tn.	2
Eleven Artillerymen, Battery D, 112th H.F.A.	1
53rd Regt., T.C.	1
Mr. Fred S. Miller, Lancaster, Pa.	1
Two Friends	1
Col. Abel Davis, Inf.	1
Base Hosp. No. 40	1
Co. A, 34th Engrs.	2
Lieut. Charles J. Martin	1
96th Aero Squadron	1
Mrs. Charles F. Miller, Lancaster, Pa.	1
Co. G, 104th Am. Tn.	1
25th Balloon Co.	2
Miss Katherine Jones, Waurika, Okla.	1
S.C. Telephone Unit, District of Paris	1
Lieut. Tristram J. Campbell, A.S.	1
Miss Julia Rogers Beach, Milford, Conn.	1
An Observer	1
Brig.-Gen. William M. Cruikshank	1
468th Aero Squadron	1
Battery E, 338th F.A.	3
Lieut. Carl S. Everson, Engrs.	1
The Q.M.C. Detch., Hq., 81st Div.	1
Enl. Men & Civilian Employees, Central Printing Plant	1
Officers & Men, 19th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	1
F. H. Wing, Athol, Mass.	1
Co. D, 313th Am. Tn.	1
Capt. B. S. Rankin and Lieut. Ellsworth Armstrong	1
Officers & Men, Hq., 136th F.A.	1
Battery E, 304th F.A.	2
Masonic Club of Saint Amand	2
Hosp. Tn. No. 55, St. Dizier	1
Base Hosp. No. 8	3
Co. B, 119th M.G. Bn.	1
Mrs. Alice McD. Kortright, Huntington, N.Y.	1
William L. Mortes, Chauffeur, S.C.	1
Co. M, 2nd Pioneer Inf.	1
Lieut. R. Raynolds, M.C.	1
Lieut. F. C. McCormick, O.D.	1
In Memory of Eleanor Cramer Brown	1
Charles W. Harris, W.M.C.A., and Pvt. George Neff	1
Corp. Wyatt Rushton and Lieut. Marion Rushton	1
485th Aero Const. Squadron	1
Officers, Adm. Labor Co. Hq., A.S.P.C. No. 2	1
483rd Aero Const. Squadron	1
Mrs. Mary O'Dea, Rochester, N.Y.	1
6th Heavy Artillery Mobile Ord. Rep. Shop	2
Lieut. J. Hariman	1
2nd A.A.O.S.	1
Mrs. John Favill, New York City	1
Base Hosp. No. 35	2
Guiding Star Lodge No. 565, F. and A. M. Bronx Borough, New York City	1
Officers, Base Hosp. No. 67	3
1—B Mess, 35 Div. Hq.	1
Field Hosp. No. 312	1
Convalescent Officers, A.R.C. Home No. 5	2
W. W.	1
Battery C, 311th F.A.	1
o. B. 119th M.G. Bn.	1
Field Hosp. No. 312	1
Residents of Orient Avenue, Brooklyn	1
Miss Lucretia Crawford, Chicago	1
Anonymous	1
Hq. Troop & Hq. Detch., 35th Div.	4
Naval Observers, U.S. Naval Air Station, Personnel, U. S. Naval Air Station, L'Aber Vrach, Finistere	3
L'Aber Vranch, Finistere	3
Co. B, 108th Supply Tn.	1
Convalescent Camp No. 2	1
F. A. W.	1
Officers, 61st Artillery, C.A.C.	1
Virginia and Billy Brown, Manila, P.I.	1
Co. F, 304th Inf.	2
Miss Charlotte L. Clayton, Fort Worth, Texas	1
Detch., Med. Dept., 129th Inf.	1
Q.M. Corps Base Hosp. No. 40	1
Co. E, 19th Regt., T.C.	1
Omaha Ambulance Co. 335	1
Previously adopted	747
Total	862

"So the top threatened to bust you, eh?"

"Yes, in the jaw."

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

On September 27 THE STARS AND STRIPES announced a Christmas campaign for the temporary adoption of 500 little French war orphans—a campaign to provide each of them, as the Christmas gift of the A.E.F., with food, clothing, comfort, schooling for an entire year. So generous was the response that, within five weeks and with Christmas still two months off, the entire 500 had found godfathers in O.D.

Therefore, THE STARS AND STRIPES (through the co-operating Red Cross committee, which administers the care of the A.E.F.'s adopted orphans) has listed from the tens of thousands of fatherless French homes more children to meet future demands. Until Christmas we will offer these children to the Santa Clauses from overseas—

CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH (19 pounds, 5 shillings, English money).

FOR COVERED CAPS AND ICE CRACKERS FOR RUSSIAN A.E.F.

Yanks on Murman Coast Get Ready for Real Old Time Winter

EVEN HAVE SPECIAL HORSES

Arctic Tents, Stoves and Sleeping Bags Also Being Provided by Quartermaster

Up on the Murman coast of Russia, on the rim of the Arctic Circle, where nature has provided all the stage settings of the North Pole, including the midnight sun, a frozen ocean and lots of snow and bears, thousands of American soldiers are getting ready to spend the winter after the fashion of Arctic explorers.

They are carrying ice chisels in addition to entrenching spades, and they are wearing moccasins and snow goggles, fur covered white caps—white to camouflage with the snow covered steppes—sheepskin lined coats and leather jerkins with big corded loops and toggles down the front, and Shackleton boots.

Even their horses are special cold weather horses—tough little shaggy-coated animals brought out of Siberia. They also are using 88 toboggans and many sledges and skis bought in Norway, and hundreds of pairs of snowshoes.

Q.M.C., A.E.F., Did It

The Q.M.C., A.E.F., has spent several interesting months equipping the American expedition which is operating on the Murman Coast in conjunction with British and French expeditions. So far, aside from occasional brushes with Bolshevik forces, the Murman coast expedition has been principally occupied in keeping open the railway lines that lead to the Murman Coast ports.

The Americans have special Arctic tents and stoves, and large quantities of a long grass that grows on the steppes were purchased for bedding purposes. Hundreds of sleeping bags have also been provided. Many of the materials were bought in England, although the Scandinavian countries were drawn upon also.

Special woolen coats and breeches and underwear, long mufflers, worsted socks and long stockings, gloves and gauntlets are other things which are being issued to the doughboy in Russia. Alaskan Yanks are said to be right at home in their new surroundings, although they complain sometimes of the heat.

Honolulu Jazz in Russia

North Russia being peculiarly adapted to twilight concerts, the American expedition has its own band, and Honolulu jazz music suggestive of palm trees and volcanoes is said to be popular with the boys who are using ice blocks to make dugouts.

An international ration has been agreed upon, so that British, French and American troops eat the same things. While not a true Esquimo diet, the food includes much fat, and instead of having fresh pork from company piggeries, for variety the American soldiers may have fresh polar bear, providing bears up that way are indiscreet.

The favorite joke at company messes, however, is the mastodon—the prehistoric ancestor of the elephant, whose frozen carcasses are said to abound in the ice fields underlying some of the country, presumably where ingenious mess sergeants find them.

GOING HOME IN COMFORT

"Why is Guzbink so anxious to be commissioned, now that the war's over?"

"Says he wants to cross the ocean this time in a stateroom."

"Learned any of these French gambling games since you came over?"

"Haven't tried. I can lose enough at the American ones."

TURKEY, FOOTBALL, SHOWS ON A.E.F.'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross Plan Holiday to Fit in With Armistice

WOUNDED TO GET FEASTS

Day of Prayer Also Asked Under President Lincoln's Original Proclamation

Practically every one of the auxiliary organizations serving with the A.E.F. is planning to feature Thanksgiving Day as much as is possible under the changed conditions resulting from the armistice.

Wherever it is possible to do so, they will bring Yanks into close proximity to the National Bird, to cider, doughnuts, pumpkin pies and the other accessories of the one purely American feast—outside, of course, the Fourth—of the year.

The Y.M.C.A., through its athletic department, is endeavoring to arrange football games between rival units, to be played on the holiday. For entertainment, the 85 professional theatrical companies and troupes now serving in France, together with the 40 soldier companies, largely composed of men who were on the professional stage before enlisting, will be worked overtime, with both afternoon and evening performances.

Movies and Stunt Nights

Wherever the thespians, professional or O.D., cannot get, the endeavor will be to have the movies go, and wherever even the movies fail, stunt nights will be organized and the old fashioned games and dances featured. At any rate, there will be something out of the ordinary in every hut in France.

Reprints of President Lincoln's Thanksgiving proclamation, the one which set aside for the first time the last Thursday in November as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, have been struck off to the number of 500,000 and will be distributed throughout the A.E.F.

The American Red Cross is planning to provide all wounded and sick in hospitals with a dinner, the basis of which will be turkey, cranberries and pumpkin pie. In addition, the day, in all American hospitals in France, will be celebrated with special services and entertainments.

In Paris, the Red Cross has leased the Folies Bergère for the afternoon.

All over France there will be French families which will invite American soldiers to their homes on Thanksgiving Day, for lunch or for dinner. A central committee has published a broadcast notice and is receiving replies from every department, each reply stating the number of guests that the family in question can accommodate.

By direction of the American commanders in certain areas, the organization commanders and heads of services have been directed to turn in lists of those of their men who desire to accept French hospitality for the day. These lists will be handed over to the local French committees so that the men may be personally invited.

Y WORKER MONTHS IN ENEMY COUNTRY

American Gives Word of Honor So He Can Help Prisoners

Now that the armistice provisions relating to the repatriation of American prisoners of war are being carried out, it may be written for the first time how, all during the hostilities of the last 19 months, an American citizen, working for the Y.M.C.A. in Germany itself, was able to minister to our men in the enemy's camps—and all with the approval and consent of the German Government.

Not to give too much credit to Germany for the concession, however, it should be stated that the name of the American in question is Conrad Hoffman, and that he had done Y.M.C.A. work in German cities and towns for a number of years before the war.

He had friends at court and in the army, so that when the time came for ex-Ambassador Gerard to leave, the latter was able to persuade the authorities to let Mr. Hoffman remain behind and to free him from any danger of being arrested or interned.

Made to Give Oath

He was made to give his oath that he would not propagandize among the American prisoners and the interned American civilians whom he was to serve; that he would not aid them to escape or wink at attempts to escape, and that he would recruit whatever staff he needed entirely from neutrals. He did so, and with the help of Swiss, Dutch, Scandinavian and Spanish men and women was able to mitigate in some way the arduous life of the prison camps.

Through A. C. Harte, a Y agent in Berne, Switzerland, he received both funds and such things as athletic equipment, phonographs and records, books, magazines, tobacco and soap. In every camp he organized committees from among the prisoners themselves to take care of the local distribution of the supplies. In one of the larger camps he succeeded in placing a library of some 500 books, and in another, by the aid of the funds sent through, the prisoners were able to get out a little camp paper of their own entitled "Barbed Wireless."

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States $2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918.

The circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES this week passes the 400,000 mark. This is the forty-second week of your newspaper.

THANKSGIVING

America, on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, has good cause to be thankful.

After 19 months of war, she has seen her effort mightily avail on behalf of the forces of right. She has seen topple and fall an infamous bulwark of that tyranny which it has ever been her glory and her privilege to fight. She has seen her sons, fresh to the game of war, go forward and prove themselves worthy scions of the Minute Men that brought her to birth. She has seen her people, drawn from many races, united, welded together in pursuit of the common purpose as never before. She has awakened to the significance of her mission in the world. She has found her soul.

To us, her sons, though far away from home on the most homelike of days, the recurring feast will be none the less significant. Since the last Thanksgiving Day we have seen much, learned much, traveled far, both in body and mind. And now before us lies the prospect of returning, in good time, to the land that has helped us and backed us, to the land that chose us her standard bearers in the great day of Armageddon.

What more than this could we find on this approaching Thanksgiving Day to thank God for, with all our hearts and souls. To have been, in this year of years, numbered among the Soldiers of Liberty?

FATHER

Americans hate sentiment—at least, they think they do. That is why it is such a hard job to write to the old man. You don't want to gush, and if you don't gush, if you just write a matter-of-fact, all-well—hope-you-are-the-same sort of letter, it sounds as if you didn't mean what you were saying, or meant more than you were saying.

Writing to the old man is really some little proposition. But it ought to be done—Lord knows he's been put off by promises often enough—and the Father's Christmas Letter plan gives every man in the A.E.F. the chance to come across, to put an end to procrastination, to snap into it.

The old man is snapping into it, too. It's just as hard a job for him. But he'll get just as much fun out of trying as you will.

So let's all get busy on Sunday.

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

Since the armistice we have noted a tendency on the part of certain persons to claim all or the lion's share of credit for the victory over the common foe for this, that or the other Ally, according to the writer's or speaker's nationality.

We suppose that this is the psychological time for this particular species of fool to afflict an already sorely tried world. We further suppose that a certain number of equally loose thinkers will be more or less influenced by the utterances of the claimalls, and that these two classes of humans will attract to themselves about the same attention that a pickpocket gains in a company of honest men.

In other words, for a time these impolitic people may, and probably will, cause a feeling of resentment in some quarters. But the great, common-sense majority of the Allied peoples will always remember (and gladly give credit accordingly) that the war was won by all of the Allies fighting as one great Army of Liberty.

A LADY KILLER

The Army Edition of the *Chicago Tribune* is conducting a feature letter column in answer to the question, as ungrammatically expressed as it is lacking in taste: "American or French girls, which is best?"

Some one who signs himself "An Officer" has this to offer in reply:

American girls have American men bluffed more than any set of women ever had any set of men bluffed in all the history of love and romance. If the American girl is jealous of the French girl today, she has good reason to be; perhaps it will teach her to be more appreciative.

The American girl is characteristically cold, mercenary, vain as a peacock, has a stereotyped line of small baby talk, a loud laugh, and the clever ones have a fair line of bull. Do you think that those men who have been long enough in France to learn the ways and customs of the country will ever forget their little French sweethearts and go back into slavery? Hardly.

If our girls do not change and learn to be more attentive and appreciative of our men than they have been in the past, they are going to have more time for knitting. Our men will remain in France or take home French wives.

Some fellows don't realize that a big disappointment is waiting for them at home. Girls they thought were wonderful once will turn out to be gold bricks and camouflage artists socially. American women are always howling about being respected. They will get so much respect, unless they change, that the fellows will speak to them only when courtesy demands, but will go out with their little French girls when they want a really interesting evening.

If only to be good is the American girl's idea of life, we will let her alone, so that she can be just as good as she pleases. Old maids' homes are filled with good women.

The men who will be the most attractive at home after the war, because of what they have learned and done in France, will be just the ones who will laugh at the American girl when she springs her line, such as "I can swim ten feet with my face clear under water. Isn't that wonderful?"

'Tis a great question, this boys.
Think it over.

The only saving thing about the above letter is that the gratuitous, high-handed insult is equally distributed among the women of the two republics. It is no more, and no less, offensive to the one than to the other.

If "An Officer" would recite it to each of the innocent conquests which are obviously such fair game for him, his own future would be clear. He would not spend it in an old maids' home, but in an analogous institution. Neither, if we had our way, would he be allowed to pass his declining days in any soldiers' home that flies or ever shall fly Old Glory. Perhaps we cannot all be one hundred per cent chivalrous, but we need not all, therefore, be egregrious asses.

IN BEHALF OF AN OLD FRIEND

In the regions where once was the front the shrapnel no longer spits its leaden death and the wild Jack Johnsons no longer rumble aloft. The old steel Stetson has lost what one of our painfully exact French scholars would call its "raison d'être for being."

In the region well behind the late front, the old steel Stetson was never used at all. Some of those regions were favored with being allowed to retain the Old Campaign Hat. Others had to be content with Old Rain-in-the-Face, otherwise known as the overseas cap, and often referred to by less endearing epithets. From all we can find out, the overseas cap, even in its amended shape, has never been what one might call howlingly popular, except with the people who do not have to wear it all the time.

How about a reissue of the dear old hat? It would make us look and feel again like real Americans. And none could ask for finer recognition of whatever we have been able to contribute as individuals to the game of winning the war.

PLEASE, NO JOYRIDERS

Now that it is all over, we begin to scent trouble from afar. We can foresee troupes and hordes of American civilian sightseers, male, female and pacifist, coming galumphing across the Atlantic (all U-boats corralled by the Allies) to get an eyeful of ruins and a few second-hand thrills.

We hope that the passport authorities are on their guard. It isn't all over yet; there is a lot of work to be done here, both for the A.E.F. and for France, and we hope that, until it is well cleaned up, none but our co-workers and people who have legitimate errands will be allowed to make the trip. With the problem of feeding the poor people of the liberated districts, and also our stricken enemies on our hands this winter, every mouth that is not matched with a capable and willing pair of hands to help along the big job will be just so much of an added drain on our Ally France's already taxed resources.

In spite of all precautions, some joyriders got through while the fighting was going on. The best that we can say of them is that they at least took a sporting chance—say, about a 100 to 1—in coming over at all. But for the joyriders who, we can feel, are even now planning to descend on us, we shall have little good to say. And we earnestly ask the passport powers to hold them in until we can get home.

THE EYES OF A NATION

The following order entitled "Conduct of Officers on Shore," was recently issued by Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, then commander of United States Naval Forces in French waters:

It seems to be the idea of a few individuals that the uniform of an officer bestows upon the wearer special privilege and license. That this is a false and fatal idea seems hardly necessary to state.

The uniform of an American officer stands for honor and responsibility. At this time in our nation's life it represents the highest kind of a calling. Everything noble in our nation should be symbolized by that uniform, and it should not be brought into disrepute by any action of its wearer. It should be seen amid worthy associations and in places where no disrepute can stain it or action of its wearer discredit it.

In a foreign land your responsibility is increased, for strangers scrutinize you and judge your nation by your conduct.

There is no judgment of our country that will be more searching or severe than the judgment upon its officers. They are supposed to be picked men, leaders, trained, educated, responsible. In France you are making the reputation of America.

Your commission calls for moral responsibility as well as military activity.

THE EYES OF A GREAT NATION ARE UPON YOU!

It should not be necessary to point out to any officer the fact that he is an example to his men. No unit will ever rise in conduct higher than that of its officers. Your men know you better than you think, and their judgment upon you is searching and severe. Unconsciously they catch your spirit and follow your example.

Therefore, it becomes necessary for you to enter heartily into the spirit of these rules which are made for the guidance and government of the service. Let your men see you always the master of yourself; clean, temperate and discreet in your actions and associations, avoiding always the very appearance of evil; by habit, bearing and language winning their confidence and respect.

Though we are outside the bounds of our own land, its laws and customs have not changed. We are still responsible to the moral law of our own home and our own country.

As we see it, this order, though intended primarily for the officers of the United States Navy, applies with equal force to the Navy's enlisted men, and also to the officers and men of all ranks composing the A.E.F.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have been selected for the Army of Occupation have a far more difficult task than that of merely policing a certain strip of ground. We shall be in the midst of a people who are drinking the dregs of the cup of defeat, who are seeing their lands held by an alien force to insure their own good behavior, who have been deserted by the ruler in whose defense they gave something more precious than life, a people who, to fit themselves for a place in the society of nations, must build up on the moral ruins of the past four years.

We go in among them as conquerors—there is no need to conceal that fact from them or from ourselves. But we must go in among them with humble and contrite heart. For, though we enter as conquerors, we enter also as peace-makers, "for they shall be called the children of God."

The new watch on the Rhine must be a watch of courtesy, of tolerance, for a people who apparently are at last snatching from their eyes the bloody bandage of imperial illusion.

The Army's Poets

CHATEAU-THIERRY

O God! how vast
The distance seems to loom
'Twixt these heroic men and me,
High Priests of Liberty!
Unarmed, but unafraid,
Alas! I have no part,
But thrust aside
With lacerated heart,
I watch the tide,
Undaunted, undismayed,
Go rushing past,
Amid volcanic gloom,
Unto their crimson Calvary
To set their brothers free.

Chaplain THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

OF THEE

Through the long cold hours of a Flanders night
While I stand at post in a lone "O.P."
And mark each shell that falls in the dark,
My eyes sore strained every light to see,
I think of thee!

Adown the rain and wind swept way,
While we plod along the endless sea
Of mud, high splashed as camions pass,
Though faint, I praise what gods may be
For thoughts of thee!

All cold and drenched on a fire step crouched,
While we wait for zero hour to be
That sends us over and on beyond
Into that weird infinity,
I think of thee!

The cold gray dawn of a cheerless morn—
The zero hour—then through the sea
Of hell and death, we rush the foe—
And, Love, there comes to hearten me,
Sweet thoughts of thee!

And then the crash—the short quick jab
Of gun, butt stroke up from the knee—
The guns' mad crash—but still through all,
To temper my soul, there burns in me
My love for thee!

LLOYD LUZADRE, Pvt., Inf.

THE TREES OF FRANCE

Some joyous fairy with the gift of art
Has set you picturesquely through the land,
Along fair roads, and just so far apart,
Or dancing down the meadows hand in hand.

Some joyous fairy with the gift of art,
Who saw your folk with understanding eye—
Some fairy with the love of France at heart,
Who still, like you, is looking toward the sky.

You poplars, lifting lace across the sun,
You willows, weaving fleece in forest aisles,
When, through your pretty tendrils, day has run,
You spread a net to catch the moon's white smiles.

And you, tall, slender oak, a lissome maid,
With vines instead of boughs, in clinging gown,
You lean from loving winds, as if afraid,
And yet I know you long to go to town.

Your bonnet tipped, that nods with every breath,
Is chic beyond the ways of lane or yard;
I know your souls inhabit, after death,
Fine ladies on a Paris boulevard.

CHARLES DIVINE, Pvt.

YOUR SOLDIER

H is for you. Through endless nights
Of mud and rain he stubbornly
Plods on, head down, back bent beneath
His pack—on towards the shell-streaked sky
And maddening roar where truth and lies
And love and hate and life and death
All meet in war, red war! He loves
And hates, and so he fights. To all
His love be true. Guard well your heart
And keep the faith. He fights for you!

H. J. L.

SONG OF THE FLYER

Oh, the life of a flyer may surely be gay,
For he sings with his heart beating strong,
And he drifts on the breezes beneath the white way
Where the zephyrs play lightly in song.

There is never a worry, nor even a thought
What the ending is likely to be—
At the wave of the flag, he is off like a shot,
And is cheerfully happy, and free.

Not a fear that he'll meet with an unhappy fate,
For he flies with the best in the blue.
He will fight to the last; so the shadows must wait,
And the Devil must fight for his due.

Not a sigh, nor a sorrow, nor even a care
Has a flyer who climbs to his height,
For he longs for the chance of a duel in air
And to show that he's game in the fight.

It's the game that he loves, from beginning to end,
And he lives like a pirate at sea.
So let's drink to the health of our buccaneer friend,
For he's cheerfully happy, and free.

JOHN STONE, 1st. Lt., A.S.

C'EST LA GUERRE

There's a little red roofed house beside a roadside in Dordogne;
I have passed it many times in sun and rain,
And I always get a greeting and a smile that warms my heart
And inserts a golden link in friendship's chain.

She is not a highly educated girl in silk and fur—
I have seen better looking girls by far.
But there's something in her greeting words and in the way she smiles,
There is something hid behind her "Au revoir."

That's the reason why you'll find me in the poor but happy home
In the little red roofed house down in Dordogne
When the work which I must do for Adam's sin is overcome
And the sun goes down beyond the horizon.

When the war is really over and we reach the U. S. A.,
For a time I may forget it over there,
But the day will come when memories will drive me back to France
And I'll hear the sweetest voice say, "C'est la guerre."

Pvt. CHARLES P. CLAUSEN,
Base Hospital No. 3.

ODE TO A SIDE CAR

Oh, it's hell to sit in a side car when the trucks are crashing by,
With never a spark in the darkness to cheer one's straining eye
Save the flash of a shell when it scatters the mud on the passers-by!
When the road is packed with silent troops, it's a hell of a place to die!
The shells are not so bad—they hit you if Fate decrees—
But it's awful to dash along in the dark and feel that you're on the "skees"
With a big, wet ditch beside you, and the orders they need in your hand.
And thousands of tons of whizzing stuff that any moment may land
Wrong side up on your stomach while you are finally "canned;"
When you know that the P.C. before you is wondering why you delay
With the dope from the general commanding for the work of the coming day.

Yes, it's hell to ride in a side car in the dark of a drenching rain,
And the only reason I mention it is that again and again and again
One hears that the life of the "gilded staff" is free from care and pain!
A good, clean shot in the gizzard or a gob of gas in the chest
May give you a chance for a gilded V and those soft, white hands that caress,
But the grinding wheels of a two-ton truck can make you a horrible mess!
So when you scoff at the "gilded staff," with its breeches neatly pressed,
Remember their nights in the side car! They take their chance with the rest.

J. P. H., Hq., — Div.

TO SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

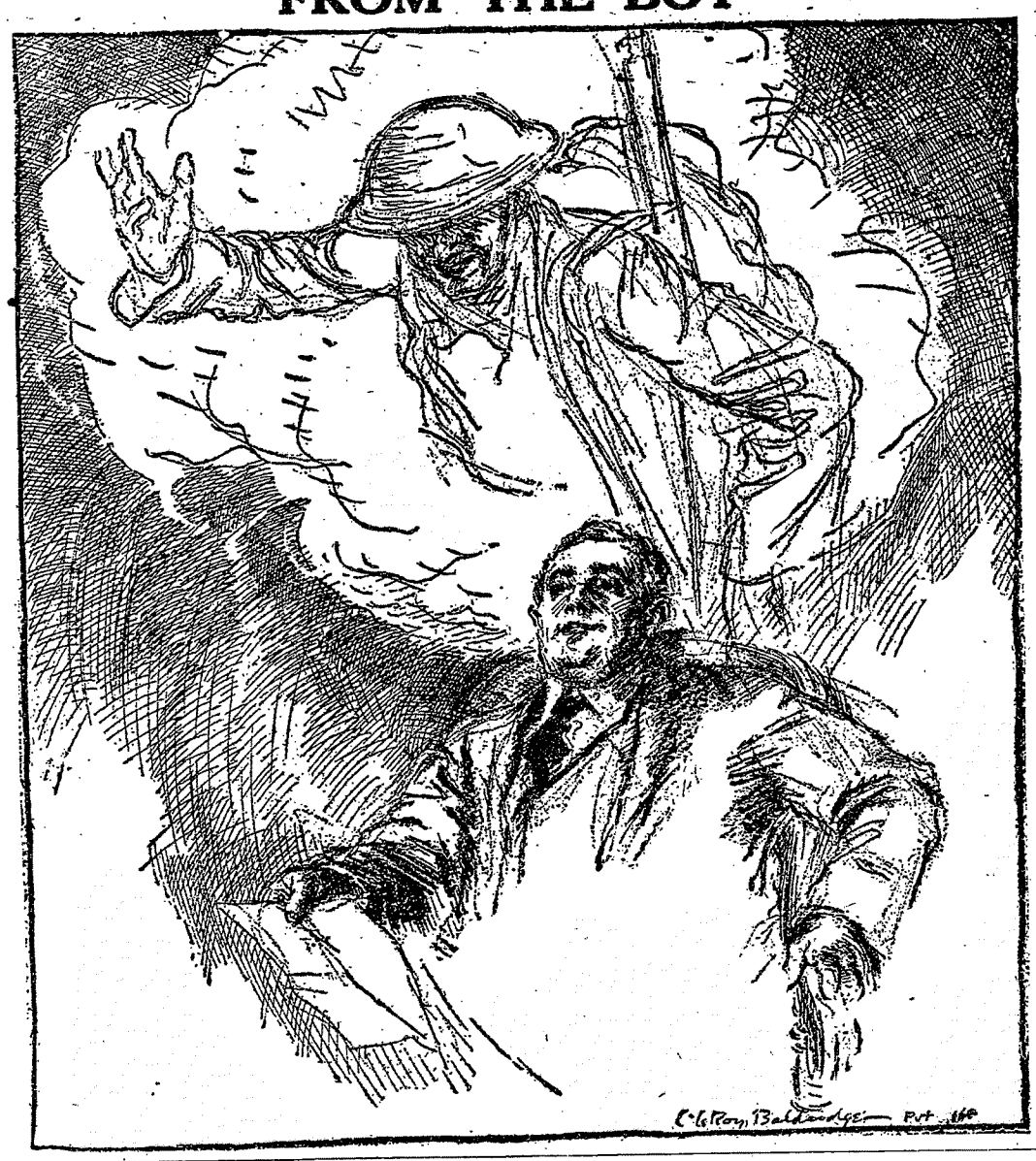
Somebody died today in France,
Somebody's life for his country has gone;
Somewhere beyond the liquid expanse
Somebody's mother is mourning her son.

'Tis not for him our tear drops fall,
For he now is free from trouble and strife.
But his mother who answered his earliest call,
Who for him would gladly have given her life.

O God! in our hearts, this day we pray
That somebody's mother, in her soul of love,
May know that thou hast provided a way
For a reuniting in Heaven above.

Sgt. LEONARD G. FOX, A.S.

FROM THE BOY



THE STOMACH SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Herewith the diary of a doughboy's stomach, by Old Man Stomach himself.

Monday.

7 a.m.—Put on my steel lizzie and waited for coffee. Nothing came down but water, hardtack and goldfish. Wish I had signed up with an officer.

12 m.—Hello! What's this, steak and French fried at last? No such luck—got a shower of water and monkey-meat. Can you beat it? Boy, oh boy, but it's wet down here!

6 p.m.—More water and monkey-meat. I'm S.O.L., that's all.

Tuesday.

7 a.m.—Took inventory. A little goldfish and monkey-meat left.

8 a.m.—Water—nothing else. Big fight going on outside.

12 m.—More water. I'm building a ladder out of the two horsehairs and the wood that came down with the beans on Saturday night. Safety first, say I.

6 p.m.—Called up the speaking tube and asked for steak and onions. Got a lot of goldfish for my trouble.

Wednesday.

7 a.m.—We got relieved last night, at last. Now for some real chow.

7:10 a.m.—Wow! Here it comes—coffee, oatmeal, bacon, bread, jam and—more coffee. Seems like old times.

10 a.m.—Steak and French fried.

10:05 a.m.—Rice pudding, doughnuts and cocoa.

11 a.m.—More of the above. Haven't any room left.

3 p.m.—Still more of the above. Don't know where to put it.

4 p.m.—Beans and potato salad have pushed me up to the rafters. Sent a request up the tube for a little time to clean up. Got more doughnuts for an answer. What's the use?

6 p.m.—GAS! Am writing this with my mask on.

6:03 p.m.—Monday's goldfish is raising the devil with tonight's doughnuts.

7:02 p.m.—Anchored my ladder. Gas is getting thicker by the minute.

8 p.m.—Never saw so much gas in my life.

8:30 p.m.—Am prepared to die—and so is the fellow who carries me around!

8:45 p.m.—Sound of doctor's voice outside. Heard something about "C.C.'s." I know what they mean.

8:48 p.m.—Here they come, four of 'em, all in a bunch.

Thursday.

7 a.m.—Well, you wouldn't know the old place any more—or me either. I lost my helmet and my extra pair of hikers in the big rush.

12 m.—Called up the tube and asked for a soft diet until I have time to see the supply sergeant and get another helmet. Hadn't finished talking before down comes a lot of hardtack and coffee. I got three scalp wounds from the hardtack.

6 p.m.—Goldfish! I might have known it!

Friday.

7 a.m.—Frog bread and coffee.

11:03 a.m.—Something big's going on up above. Boocoo prisoners and a lot of shouting. "There's kegs and kegs of it," I hear some one saying.

11:05 a.m.—Boche beer—the good old heavy kind with a kick in it.

11:30 a.m.—Ditto.

12 m.—Ditto.

3 p.m.—Ditto. Guess I'll lay off for a few days. I need the rest and my lights are out, anyhow.

Saturday.

Don't know what time it is. I should worry.

Sunday.

7 a.m.—What's AWOL mean?

Sgt. C. W. PERSON.

RELIGION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In the religious department (?) of THE STARS AND STRIPES of October 25, page 4, column 2, is an editorial (?) entitled "Soul Savers." The writer very properly flays a certain self-styled soul saver, and attributes to him the plain, outspoken Biblical term Pharisee. Apparently, the man in question must have been possessed of considerable self-righteousness, or else lack of wisdom, or both.

But, having reviewed both the critic and his victim, one naturally asks: "Where is the publican who acknowledges his need of God's mercy in spite of all his good and brave deeds, and where is the wise man who thinks before he speaks?"

If it were not for the fact that the writer of the article styles himself as voicing the thoughts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is supposed to be, and certainly is, the literary expression of Old Glory in France, then I would deem his article too foolish and unworthy an answer.

But this much must be said, that when the writer contends that "the smiling, cursing, battle-stained doughboy needs no help in saving his soul," it does not sound like any of the great statesmen, either of the past or present, from the country represented by THE STARS AND STRIPES. Nor is he voicing the opinion of the hundred million people in Christian America, nor the religious workers in khaki, nor of the doughboys themselves. The religious belief that every soldier who goes over the top thereby redeems his soul is not American, but Turkish-German.

I consider it unnecessary to add to this rather negative article a lengthy declaration of my patriotism and loyalty to the cause for which our brilliant doughboys are fighting. The fact that I, like hundreds of other religious workers, have voluntarily left wife and children and gone wherever the Government directed is sufficient proof. Besides, the enlisted men and officers of my organization will vouch for my full sympathy with our common and just cause.

And it will surely not make our American soldiers less brave and courageous and fierce in battle to hold them a clear, sound presentation of patriotism and religion.

JAMES C. PETERSON, Chaplain.

[He who loseth his life in a righteous cause shall find it, good Chaplain. Jesus Christ Himself has promised it.—Editor.]

THE SALUTE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In a recent issue of your paper there was an article comparing the American and French salutes. It stated that the American soldier bows his head when he salutes.

Any man in the service who bows his head when he renders the salute is not a soldier, but a recruit, and such he will remain until he learns to salute properly.

There isn't a salute used by any country in the world to compare with the one used by the United States Army, and the writer has seen them all. There is only one hand salute prescribed by the Army Regulations, and any man in the service who does not render it in a correct manner is either a bonehead or did not get proper instructions.

The writer saw one division arrive in England, whose members, before they had gone two blocks, you would have nicknamed the Star Gazers, because of the fact that when they saluted they bent their heads back and highballed the sun.

Let the author of that article wander around until he finds an old timer from one of the old regular outfits and watch him snap one to an officer, and it will warm the cockles of his heart and change his ideas.

For the love of Mike, leave us our salute. It's about the only thing we have left to distinguish an American soldier from those of other countries.

J. FRANCIS CLAVEN, F. A.

PRAISE FOR DAVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Just a few lines in regard to Dave Duncan, the Y.M.C.A. man from St. Paul, Minn., who, through great hardship, so faithfully and greatly helped the boys at the front during the last drive.

It was Dave who helped bandage the wounded and passed cigarettes among the boys, and made hot coffee and cocoa under heavy shell fire. Although right at the front at one town, you could see Dave hollering to the men, as they passed by, to have their wounds bandaged: "Come over and get your first aid here!"

The first aid consisted of a cup of hot, steaming coffee and a few cigarettes, which give joy to every doughboy's heart, and send him away full of new life. This was during the days of the 15th and 16th of October.

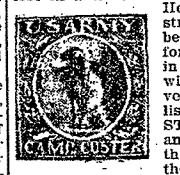
This little note is written by one who has seen Dave when he was as busy as an American barrage. And I think that for the wonderful service he rendered to the doughboys he deserves a medal, if any man does.

Pvt. JOSEPH SIKORA, Runner, Inf.

MIKE MESSKIT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Herewith picture of our company mascot, lost in a small town somewhere near Dijon.



He's only a small, shaggy street cur, but he has been with the company for a year, and everybody in the outfit is in love with him. We will be very glad if you will publish a notice in THE STARS AND STRIPES, and will gladly pay for the cost of reproducing the enclosed photograph out of our company fund. His name is Mike Messkit, and he will answer to either name. He is friendly with everybody, but particularly with anyone wearing an O.D. uniform.

COMPANY C, 310TH FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION.

LETTER PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I would like to offer a suggestion that may be of benefit to some members of the American E.F.

One of the most important phases of our life over here is letter writing, and we all sincerely appreciate the consideration that the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. have given to this feature of their work, in so generously supplying the material for us to write our letters with.

But there are many times and places where it is impossible for us to avail ourselves of this privilege. In such cases it is sometimes very difficult to get stationery, and because of that we do not write as many letters as we would like to. Sometime ago I requested all those with whom I correspond to enclose, with each of their letters to me, one or two sheets of writing paper and an envelope. The result is that I always have sufficient stationery at least to answer the letters which I receive.

CORP. HOMER S. BRADLEY,
Hq. Co., 70th Art.

LIBERTY LENDERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

It isn't very often that we have an opportunity to burst into print, but we believe that at least a fairly reasonable excuse for so doing has turned up. Being Engineers, we have seized it. Herewith the excuse:

This company subscribed $10,000 to the Fourth Liberty Loan; that is, bought 200 $50 bonds. There may be some A.E.F. organization that can shoot past that mark, but we claim that our showing is not bad at all, especially when it is considered that the average allotment per man before we started our Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was $22.10. Our average allotment per man now is $26.10. At that, we had to refuse to sign up several men on account of their not having enough pin money left.

LEE RUSSELL, 1st Sgt.,
Co. D, 508th Engrs.

OUR MISTAKE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Your edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES dated October 25 states that 1,718 men will be wearing three service stripes by the end of October. According to our system of reckoning time, that statement needs some explanation.

To be entitled to wear these three stripes by the end of October, a man must have sailed within two weeks after the declaration of war by the United States.

A quotation from a letter written by Secretary of War Baker, and made public by the President on July 2, reads as follows:

The first ship carrying military personnel sailed on May 8, 1917, having on board Base Hospital No. 4 and members of the Reserve Nurses Force. General Pershing and his staff sailed on May 20, 1917. The embarkations in the months from May, 1917, are as follows: May, 1,718; June, 12,261; July, 12,988.

Apparently there has been a mistake in the calculations somewhere. We have a hunch that three service stripes will be seen in this section of the country legitimately before many are sporting them in the American E.F.

MEMBERS OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 4, U.S.A., still serving with the British E.F.

AMERICA IN GERMANY

I—The Rhine

The Rhine is by no means the longest river in Europe; the Danube, for example, is as long again, and three Rhines laid end to end would no more than equal the Volga. But no river in the Old World is more important commercially or historically. It has figured in the campaigns of Caesar, Clovis, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. It has conditioned the whole development of the countries to the west of it, notably of France, just as the English Channel has conditioned the development of England.

But it is by no means purely German. It is 730 miles long, and not quite 300 of those miles are in other countries than Germany. It rises in the Swiss Alps, on one side of the St. Gothard pass, not far from the famous tunnel of the same name. Near at hand, but flowing in an opposite direction, are the head waters of the Rhone.

It enters the sea through its many mouths in Holland. But its commerce, its history and its legends are German, even though the German boast of the 19th century, "The Rhine is Germany's stream, not Germany's bound," was something of an over-statement.

The part of the stream with which Americans are likely to become most familiar is the Middle Rhine, the stretch of 116 miles between Cologne and Mayence. Here its width varies from 430 to 500 yards, and its depth from 10 to 75 feet. Nowhere is the river more surpassingly beautiful; more storied, more vital as a barrier of defense.

From Cologne to Mayence

The traveler usually begins at Cologne and goes upstream, as the Rhine below Cologne is rather too highly industrialized to be beautiful. And, while the occupying Americans are scarcely tourists, still it is more convenient to follow the customary route and proceed from Cologne to Mainz, or Mayence, than to drift calmly downstream from Mayence to Cologne.

Cologne, the chief commercial city of the Rhine basin, with a pre-war population of nearly 500,000, and one of the principal towns of the old Hanseatic league, would be famous, if it had no other claim to distinction, for its great cathedral. Cologne cathedral was begun in 1248, and its completion had not even been achieved in the last century. Its two towers, 512 feet high, are the tallest in the world, and are only 43 feet shorter than the Washington monument.

South of Cologne the traveler enters almost at once into the country about which the famous legends of the Rhine center. A few miles upstream is Drachenfels, the rock where Siegfried slew the dragon. Every castle, every headland, has its story—and a good story, whether it is true or not. The river here flows north and south in a reasonably straight line, but just north of Coblence it performs a semi-circular loop, on whose southern horn stands the fortress city itself.

Where Rhine and Moselle Meet

Coblence is at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle—that same Moselle from whose western banks American troops set out, on the morning of September 12, 1918, to reduce the salient of St. Mihiel. The Moselle is not a great river at Pont-a-Mousson, but by the time it has passed Metz, Thionville and Treves it has become a worthy tributary to the mightier stream.

Opposite Coblence, on the east bank of the river, is Ehrenbreitstein, "the Gibraltar of the Rhine," a rocky promontory towering 400 feet above the river and forming one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Members of the military profession who are considering a short stay in the Rhine valley will be interested to know that this fortress can accommodate 100,000 men.

Coblence itself is a city of something more than 50,000 inhabitants. It goes back to Roman days, and was long in the possesion of the Frankish kings. There gathered Charlemagne's grandsons to settle the division of the territories that ultimately evolved into France, Italy and Germany. The French occupied it from 1794 to 1814, and through it, in 1812, passed Napoleon on his way to conquer Russia.

"Seen and Approved"

He passed through it with such high hopes that he stopped to erect a fountain bearing the following inscription in French: "Year MDCCCXII. Memorable for the campaign against the Russians." When not many months later, Napoleon retraced his steps, a beaten man, his Russian pursuer, General St. Priest, saw the fountain. He did not have the inscription erased. He merely added: "Seen and approved by me, Russian commandant of the city of Coblenz, January 1, 1814."

Fifteen miles or so south of Coblence is the rock of the Lorelei. The Rhine here is deep and treacherous, and whether or no the alluring maiden, combing her hair with a golden comb, and singing her baleful song the while, still tenants the sheer fastness, the stream thereabout is truly no place for an amateur oarsman. The Lorelei rock produces a wonderful echo, and small boys (German) passing it on Rhine steamers were wont to yell, "Who is the mayor of Oberwesel?—Oberwesel being the next town up the river on the western bank—in order to catch the reply, "Esel"—to wit, jackass.

A dozen miles further upstream is Bingen, where the river turns due east, curving southward again just north of Mayence. Opposite Bingen is the great statue of victory which the German people erected after the obliterated victory of 1870.

The City of Two Wheels

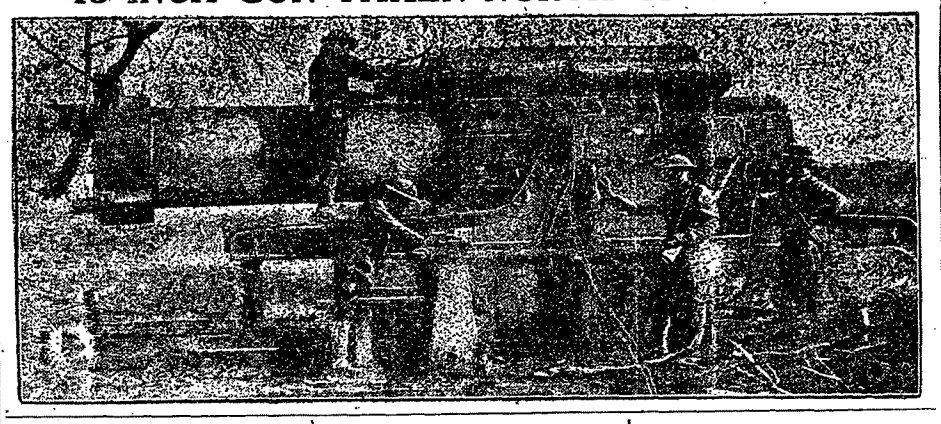
Roman legions under the Emperor Constantine once camped at Mayence, and holy men preached Christianity there who had heard it directly from the lips of the Apostles themselves. St. Boniface, who converted all Germany, was archbishop of Mayence in 751. The son of an English wheelwright, he chose for his coat of arms two wheels, and these are still the device of the city. Mayence was also the birthplace of Gutenberg, the father of printing.

The French held Mayence many times during the Revolution. It was ceded to France in 1797, but in the great map shuffle of 1814 it became a part of Hesse—that same Hesse which sent its troops overseas to be routed by Washington at Trenton on Christmas Day, 1777. Mayence, like Coblence, is also a great fortress.

It was a Frenchman—Victor Hugo—who wrote: "Of all rivers, I prefer the Rhine."

"The Rhine," he continued, "is unique: it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river in Asia, abounding in phantoms and fables."

15 INCH GUN TAKEN NORTH OF VERDUN



MAJOR SPOILS 72 HOUR WORK RECORD

But Light Rail Man Sticks to Job Sleepless for Three Days

90 MINUTES LOST IN BED

Officer's Order Obeyed, so Long Labor Feat on Mountain Can't Be Called Continuous

Every now and then a major insists on butting in and spoiling things. If it hadn't been for a major it would have been possible to say that Private Jacob H. Wolfe, —Engineers, working without sleep for a continuous period of 72 hours, most of the time under shell fire, got two ditched light railway locomotives back on the tracks, tinkered with their machinery until he had them in working order, and succeeded in delivering several train loads of much needed material and equipment to a point near the front.

The whole trouble was that the 72 sleepless hours were not continuous, for Private Wolfe actually enjoyed one and one-half hours in bed during three days by direct command of the same major.

Nevertheless, word of the performance got back to the Chief Engineer, A.E.F., who sat right down and wrote a letter to Private Wolfe congratulating him on his work. The story is contained in official correspondence from the Division of Light Railways and Roads, signed by the major who caused that word "continuous" to be qualified.

Trains Broken Up

One night recently three light railway trains were started on a trip to a camp seven miles away, but after they had covered only a couple of miles the grade proved to be too heavy for the tiny locomotive, so it was decided to break up the trains, send a few cars forward and leave the others where they were until the locomotives could return and pick them up.

Then things began to happen. The Boches singled out the light railway trains as objectives and began to drop shells all around them. In the mixup two of the locomotives jumped the rails and landed up in the ditches alongside the track and things looked hopeless as far as the quick delivery of the trainloads of supplies was concerned.

The major of the Engineers who is in charge of this section of the light railway system hustled out of the scene of the ditched locomotives, and—but let him tell the rest of it:

"I came up a few minutes afterward and found that the locomotives were in such bad shape that inexperienced men would be unable to get them on the rail and ordered the balance of the men into ——. The engineer, Jacob Wolfe, begged me to allow him and his three helpers, Cook Montogmery and Privates Herman and Walsh, all of the Engineers, to try and put the engines back on the rails and move them to the top of the mountain.

"I finally consented to let them do so. At that time these men had been on duty continuously for 36 hours and Wolfe and his three companions worked throughout the night, rerailed the locomotives, and got the train back up the mountain. The shelling was heavy throughout the night in the vicinity where these men were working.

No One to Take His Place

"Early the next morning I ordered Wolfe to turn in and get some rest and he stated that there was not another man in the outfit to take his place and as the tools, equipment and food had to go to the camp he asked to be allowed to continue working. He continued to work throughout the day and got the tools, equipment and food to the top of the mountain. At about 7 p. m. I found Wolfe still on his engine at work and ordered him to go in and go to bed and let the work go. About an hour and a half later I found him on the engine again and I asked him why he did not obey my order. He said that he had been to bed and I did not state how long he had to stay there, and as there was lots of work to do and no one else could handle the engine with the exception of those who were working, he desired to remain on duty until we could get someone else to get the work going.

"Wolfe continued to work during the night and got relieved the following morning, thus making 72 hours continuous duty with the exception of the hour and a half which he claims he was in bed."

FLEDGLING AIRMAN BREAKS FIRST RULE

But Boche Opponent Comes Tumbling Down Just the Same

Follow your squadron leader is one of the first laws of flying. There's a young airman, however, who is being envied by his fellow eagles because of what happened when he went counter to this primary flying axiom the third day of the battle that centered about Montfaucon.

This flyer had been over the German lines only once or twice when he found himself in formation with his squadron on what promised to be a lively afternoon. Both German and American observation balloons were up in numbers, and patrols of planes were sweeping back and forth. The crackling of machine guns when skirmishing planes met the enemy was almost continuous.

Gradually the squadron mounted higher and higher and headed in the general direction of the Rhine. The fledgling was last in the formation. He saw the planes ahead of him rise sharply to pass over a cloud, and perhaps just out of curiosity he decided he didn't care to dodge that cloud at all—he would go right under it.

Enter the Fokker

He made the dip, but to his amazement almost plopped into a Fokker which had been flying directly under the cloud. The Fokker immediately got on the American's tail with machine gun fire. The fledgling returned the fire. Then mysteriously the German airman's machine gun stopped firing, and the Fokker took a tumbling nose dive far downward. The American followed with a spinning dive. The German straightened out, but, strangely enough, did not open fire. The American opened up again. This time the German fell straight to the ground.

This was the American flyer's first plane. So he made a landing—that is he tried to for his machine got badly mussed up in a shell hole. While the doughboys were raking over the wreckage of the German plane—they found an iron cross on the pilot's breast—somebody looked at the German machine gun in the wreckage. Then everybody knew why the German plane had stopped firing so suddenly when the battle had only started. The first round of the young American flyer's bullets had clipped into the German machine gun near the breech, putting it out of action.

POOR MARY MUST PAY

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 21.—Poor Mary Pickford has been ordered by the court to pay her agent $100,000 as commission for securing a raise in salary for her. The evidence showed that Mary's income the last two years was $670,000 a year.

If you think Mary stopped at that beggarly pittance you must guess again. After the lawsuit gave Miss Pickford fat space in all the newspapers, she grabbed more space by announcing a new contract for six pictures yearly at terms that will reach $1,500,000 annually.

"Haven't even made you a first class private yet, eh?"

"Nope. Only thing they've put on my arm since I joined up is a vaccination mark."

DUTY MUST BE PAID

The approach of Christmas, with the already booming tide of home-going bundles from France to America, makes it essential to call to the attention of the A.E.F. once more the fact that dutiable articles are still dutiable, even though a soldier sends them.

Bulletin 35, G.H.Q., says: "All members of the A.E.F. are informed that there is no authority of law under which packages containing articles included in the dutiable list of the Tariff Act are exempt from duty, even though sent by soldiers or sailors in France to their friends or relatives in the United States."

"Private Spink is a frank sort of person, isn't he?"

"Yes, and he'll make his mark in Germany, too."

"Guess we'll have to give up studying French before long."

"Guess we will. By the way, what's the English for 'tout de suite'?"

NO FOURRAGERE YET FOR ANY A.E.F. UNIT

Only Few Men With French Service Entitled to Decoration

With the exception of a few—very few soldiers with previous service in the French army, no members of the American Army in France are entitled to wear the fourragère or other unit decoration.

During the last few weeks soldiers have appeared in numbers with the fourragère entwined on their shoulders or, more modestly, its miniature pinned to their breast. In nearly every instance the ornamentation was without authority.

In the French army a division is qualified to wear the Croix de Guerre fourragère after two army citations. But even after this, they can wear it only upon authority of a special order from the French C.-in-C. or Minister of War. In the American Army there are divisions which have been cited twice or more in army orders, but none has received the additional necessary authority of the French higher authorities.

YANKS IN BELGIUM READY FOR ATTACK AS BIG NEWS COMES

White Flags of 1914 Yield to Black, Yellow and Red Standards

BOCHE SHAPES DISAPPEAR

Field Gray Host That Sang on March Four Years Ago Hurries Off Home Eastward

In the fall of 1914 an American writing for American newspapers tramped through the slippery mud from Brussels to Roulers, marching with the victorious troops of the German Kaiser. Four years later he tramped over these same cobble stones once more; but this time as a doughboy of the United States Army. Never was there presented to anyone a contrast more dramatic.

The first time these roads were packed with field-gray men; an endless machine-made, irresistible, moving mass, singing as it went. Like water, this torrent flowed down every channel toward the French border.

By the roadside and in the fields the browns and purples of autumn were splotched here and there with flaming red, the red pantaloons of fallen poilus. Right at the border roadside where the singing army brushed by him there was one. His hand almost touched the stone marking the frontier line.

Watching this scene were groups of huddled peasants, scared, stupefied. They listened to the booming guns and tried to guess whether the sound was getting further from them or was being driven back.

The Only Flags in Belgium

And as one looked about the countryside he saw from the windows of almost every house a white cloth of some sort tied to a stick—pathetic attempts of the peasants to save their homes. There were no other flags in Belgium.

In 1918, on November 10, an outpost of the 91st American Division, fighting in Flanders, rode into Hoorebeke St. Corneille at eight in the morning. It saw just disappearing over a hill two German field kitchens doing a Ben Hur, cans and lids bumping about and flashing in the early sunlight.

A captain of a headquarters company of a California outfit followed immediately and knocked on a door of the village to ask for quarters.

At once he was fairly suffocated in the embrace of a Flemish grandmother.

"You ask for a room!" she cried. "For four years the vaches have been taking all without asking!"

She flung open the door. "Here, Amerikaan, the house is yours."

He seemed cold. From somewhere they dug him up a stove, and built a fire. He seemed hungry. Soon he dined on Belgian hare. The old man of the farm, who could think of nothing else, insisted upon presenting mon capitaine with his heavy home-made cane. And by that same miracle which was being enacted in thousands of liberated homes a big five foot black, yellow, and red flag was found flapping over the doorway.

American Attack Planned

The next morning, at six, an American attack was planned at this place. Crisp with a biting mist, the day began to clear. Through the purple haze hanging over the hill opposite, now and then a Boche shape could be seen lurking for an instant. Behind a stone wall five hundred yards from a German machine gun nest Lieut. Crawford, eyeing his watch, sat with his battery. His minenwerfer (once of the German army and now doing duty as a Yankee Stokes mortar) was in position by the gate ready to romp out on the minute, down the road and up a hill and straight ahead.

It was to be a divisional attack. Everybody knew the part he was to play, and only waited for the chance. The harassing fire from the artillery had begun.

Then comes news to delay the attack until nine.

Rumors. Messages. More waiting. Yanks all in position.

A quarter of an hour before the time for the barrage to start, and the artillery men stand by their guns.

From the temporary trench of an advance post a major looks through his glasses. Certain movements in the turnip fields across the valley appear strange to him: people running and jumping about.

"Belgians," he comments. "There can't be many Germans there now with all that excitement going on."

Never to Take Place

Then at that moment came that famous order from Marshal Foch which everyone has now read so many times that he knows it by heart. The attack of the All-Western division was never to take place.

And from where the German lines had been came little groups. They were Belgians with a sagging wheelbarrow load of household goods—coming home.

The doughboy who had been twice in Belgium under such different circumstances walked back to the headquarters mess for breakfast. There was no excitement, little comment. A cook was toasting bread on the top of the kitchen. A top sergeant came by, called attention and read the order suspending hostilities. Two Yanks sitting in the stone courtyard near at hand cleaning their rifles never stopped work.

"What'd he say?" asked someone in the rear as the top walked away.

"Didn't get all of it," answered his buddy.

"Oh, damn!" said the cook. "This toast got all burned."

BRIG. GEN. CONNOR S.O.S. CHIEF STAFF

Brigadier General W. D. Connor is now Chief of Staff, S.O.S., succeeding Brigadier General Johnson Hagood, who has taken command of an Artillery brigade in the advance area.

General Connor had been commanding general of Base Section No. 2, S.O.S., since August 10. Until May 1 he was Assistant Chief of Staff at G.H.Q., and before taking command of Base Section No. 2 he had been Chief of Staff of the 32 Division and commanding general of the 61rd Brigade.

General Connor was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the class of 1897, and served in the Spanish American War and the Philippine Insurrection.

THE FRONT AS A REST AREA

Just as mass was being said on the morning of November 11 within the walls of a pretty little church, in Michigan, the father of that church, who went to war when the home regiment sailed for France over a year ago, William Davitt, died for his country on a far-away battlefield—died as the last shots were fired on the Western front. He died almost on the stroke of the eleventh hour.

Father Davitt was miles away from his regiment when it was rumored around that the last battle was about to be fought. He was acting as corps burial officer. To remain back of the lines while his regiment fired the last volley, however, was not the thing he intended to do.

Before setting forth that evening, Father Davitt procured a large American flag to be hung up in front of regimental headquarters the day the fighting ceased. Then he set out to join his regiment, which was now in the thick of it.

By traveling all night, catching rides in various trucks and motor cars, he reached the front at 9 o'clock on the morning of November 11, just in time to see his regiment go over the top for the last time.

It was 11 o'clock by the colonel's watch when Father Davitt climbed a tree in front of the regimental headquarters and hung up the flag which he had brought along for the purpose.

After hanging up the flag he climbed down, saluted, and then gave a loud cheer for the end of the war, after which he walked a few feet away and stood still. It was while he was standing alone that a shell came whistling in from a German battery and exploded a few feet away. Father Davitt was killed instantly.

It was almost dark when a company of doughboys entered a town that had just been evacuated by the retreating Germans. Pvt. Stevenson began searching for a place where he might spread his blankets for the night. Entering a room, he found a spring bed, white sheets, white pillow cases and a fireplace. "Ooh-la-la!" he said, and began taking off his shoes.

A few moments later a woman entered. She explained that a German count had occupied the room for a number of weeks, and said that at that very moment there was reposing under the bed a trunk full of fine linens and nightgowns which the count might return for at any time.

That night Pvt. Stevenson slept in a soft woollen nightgown, and at last accounts he was doing his best to square matters with his first sergeant because of being late for reveille the following morning.

Though a strange, unbelievable peace settled over the Argonne last week, life changed little for the road menders.

One pensive negro was gravely ladling the soupy mud out of the center of the highway when his roving eye was caught by the gleam of two service stripes on the sleeve of a soldier who was walking laughing by. The road worker paused in his labors and gazed incredulous.

"My Gawd," he murmured, "dat white man has been a whole yeah in dis country an he kin still laff."

At Varennes, they still show the place where the doughboy fainted.

For the greater part of a week he had been busy there at the humble tasks of general police when into his bailiwick burst an anxious French soldier who explained that Varennes had been his home before the war and that he had to leave it hastily when the Germans came four years before.

After that much explanation, he began to prospect about as though he were looking for oil, finally took his bearings, paced three to the right from the pharmacie, ten to the north, four to the east. Then he dug. He dug and he dug and at last the doughboy saw—disinterred from the very spot where he had been puttering all week—the tidy sum of 20,000 francs in gold.

When the Artillery brigades along the Meuse found themselves in possesion of a bewildering array of guns but not a single target, they at least had the satisfaction of realizing that they had done quite a bit of shooting while the shooting was good and they also had the leisure to do a bit of figuring.

On November 1st—the day when the Kriemhilde line went all to smash—the guns behind the doughboys in the First American Army fired, during the hours, from three in the morning until noon, some 29 trains of ammunition, each train made up of 30 of those ten-ton French railway cars. This ammunition ranged all the way from the little shells fired by the 75's to the huge projectiles weighing 1,400 pounds each and fired by American guns of larger caliber even than the Big Bertha that pounded away at Paris last spring.

A doughboy was sitting at the side of a road that led toward Germany and was doing his best to scratch the middle of his back.

"Why don't you take off your shirt and go after him right?" one of his comrades inquired. "Don't you know the war's over?"

Two American lieutenants were leading a German officer back to the regimental P.C., where the German was to be given a receipt for ten prisoners he had delivered back to the Americans. The enemy officer, according to military rules governing such affairs, was blindfolded and a lieutenant marched on either side.

As the trio neared the P.C., they were forced to cross a bridge which had a huge hole in the center of it caused by an exploding shell several days before.

"Let's drop the son of a —— through that hole and be done with him," one of them suggested, jocularly.

Later, after they had passed the bridge, the German became tangled in some wire. One of the lieutenants helped him out of it.

"Thank you," he said in excellent English. "You are exceedingly kind to me today."

Second Cook Oscar Scholds was very weary when his regiment marched into Louppy. It was 10 o'clock at night, and nearly all of the billets were crowded. He searched around until finally he decided to crawl into an open window and roll up in his blankets no matter who was sleeping within. He found a place on the floor and laid down.

It was nearly daylight when a doughboy colonel awoke and found something resting heavily on his chest. He squirmed out from under the weight and went to sleep.

The next morning Cook Scholds discovered that he had been using the colonel's stomach for a pillow.

Many were the stories of tragedy and comedy related through the long Ardennes evenings around the American campfires last week.

There was that story of how a regimental P.C. quite unintentionally stormed and captured Chaumont. This was not the well known but never mentioned Chaumont inhabited by G.H.Q., but a less pretentious settlement just below Sedan. It fell to the Americans during that lively last week when the troops raced toward Sedan.

Certainly when a major, the adjutant, the intelligence officer and eight liaison men strolled in one fine day to set up safe and comfortable quarters there for the 165 Infantry, they little dreamed that the Germans had not long since been driven from the town. There the mayor and all the jubilant women and children of the village were waiting to greet them. Waiting to greet them also were several German machine gunners who opened fire on the festive party and had to be overcome by force of arms.

Among the best of the campfire yarns was the one about the soldier who envied his companion's new shoes. Where had he got them? Why, off a German.

"I guess I'll have to go out an' get me a pair," he said, and vanished toward No Man's Land. He came back two hours later, superbly shod. But why had he been so long?

"Well," he apologized, "it took me some time. I had to kill 47 different Germans before I could find one with a pair of shoes that would fit me."

Then there was the story the Red Cross man told of the doughboy he found sitting pensively in a field while shells from our guns were roaring overhead like invisible mid-air express trains, and while, less noisy, but more disturbing, the shells from the German guns were ending with a wail and burst all about.

"What are you thinking about, Buddy? Making your will? Are you wondering why you were ever nut enough to enlist?"

"No," said the doughboy gloomily, "I was wondering how I was ever nut enough to let a man hold me up in Chicago last spring. He only had a .32."

All through the week, the Yankees, encamped in and around the towns they had just liberated along the Meuse, celebrated the armistice with the good people of those towns, who lay awake nights devising ways and means of being hospitable to the Americans. The favorite in one town—and he was always to be found enthroned on the limber of some kitchen—was a small boy of eight who, when the Germans fled and all the citizens went down into the cellars to wait for the battle tide to sweep past, stationed himself boldly at the corner, and in the ears of the retreating Boches shouted scornfully: "Nach Paris! Nach Paris!"

Just how it happened that they slipped by the guard neither of them seems to know, but two American soldiers, although intending to drive from the front lines to the rear, became tangled up as to directions and drove toward Germany.

They reached a point 20 kilometers beyond the American outposts before they were aware that they were going in the direction opposite their destination. Then upon entering a town, they rounded a corner and stood face to face with a German major and four enlisted men. The Americans glared at the Germans and the Germans glared at the Americans.

After several moments of observation, the Americans turned around and came back, choosing a new route, which took them through towns partially inhabited, but where there were no Germans. In every town they passed through they were forced to stop and talk with the inhabitants, and once the entire female population kissed them. Everywhere they were welcomed with great joy, for they were the first Americans the inhabitants had seen.

Pvt. Lewis made down his bed in the corner of a building that was just in the edge of what would have been No Man's Land had the armistice not intervened.

"I sure didn't think I'd ever sleep here," he said to a comrade.

"Why, I was popping away at a sniper from that hole there in the corner just a couple of days ago. Gee, but it seems queer!"

"And what was the sniper doing to you?" some one inquired from the other corner.

"Well," said Lewis, "he was sure raisin' hell with my life insurance."

A heavy truck loaded with ten cases of eggs and several other cases of food for a divisional mess, rumbled along toward Germany. The cases jolted around and bounced up and down as the truck hit the high places in the road. It looked as though the eggs might be scrambled long before they reached their destination.

"Look out for them three bottles of champagne in the corner box!" the driver of the truck shouted back to a comrade who sat straddle of a box. Don't let 'em get broke, for God's sake!"

The sharp notes of reveille floated out over what had, but a few days before, been No Man's Land. A buck private, with his hair standing on end and apparently half asleep, crawled out from under a pup tent, rubbed his eyes and spluttered, "Ain't this war hell!"

Q.M. TO TAILOR SUITS FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Fitted, Ready-Made and Mail Order Clothing to Be Provided

The Quartermaster's plan whereby American Army officers may buy uniforms at cost, as outlined in this newspaper several weeks ago, is explained in detail in a new G.H.Q. Bulletin, No. 89, announcing the establishment of the Tailoring Branch Center of the Q.M.C.

The T.B.C. will provide officers' uniforms under the following conditions:

By measure and personal fittings.

By measure, using Quartermaster Form No. 164, "Directions for Measuring for United States Army clothing."

By supply of ready-to-wear tailored uniforms.

Officers desiring personal fittings will apply to the Officer in Charge, Tailoring Branch Center, Elysée Palace Hotel, 103 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris.

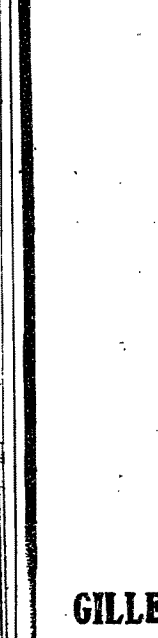
Officers who wish to order uniforms by mail will fill out Q.M. form 164, send it to the above address, and state address to which uniform is to be sent.

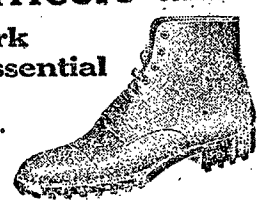
How to Go About It

Officers desiring ready-to-wear uniforms will apply to the Depot Quartermaster, Paris, stating sizes and kinds desired.

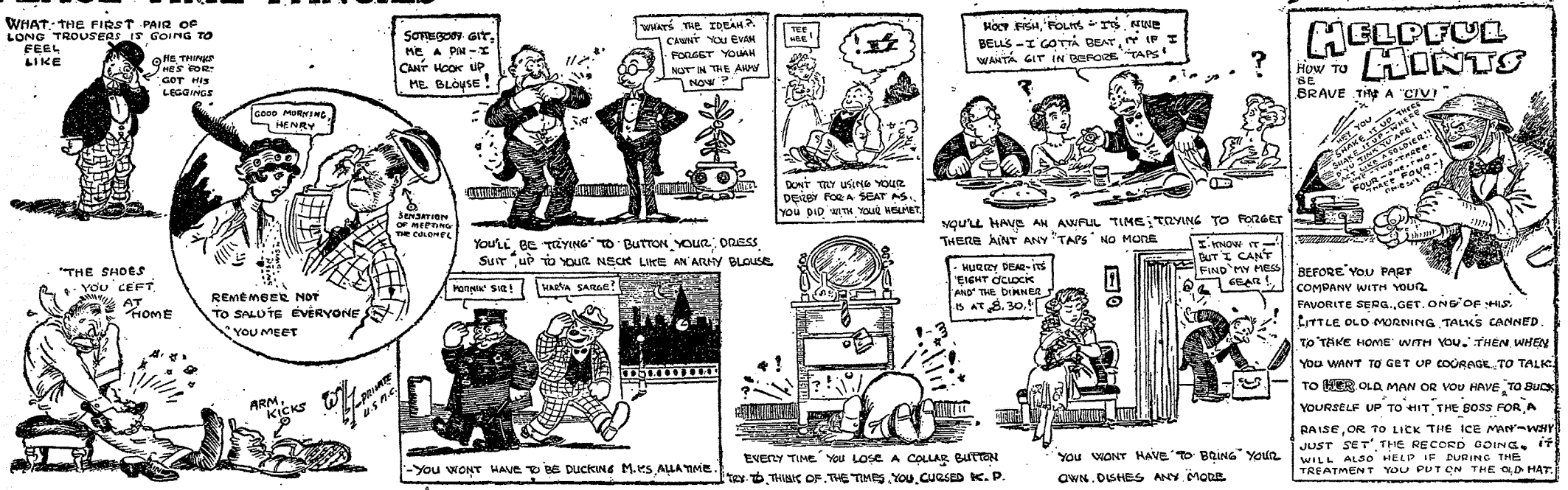
The charge for uniforms will be actual cost. This, in the case of tailored and fitted clothing, will vary. The cost of uniforms made to measure but not fitted and of ready-to-wear uniforms will be announced in the Q.M.'s price list of subsistence stores.

Officers, the bulletin adds, will not be permitted to go to Paris for the especial purpose of providing themselves with uniforms.





PEACE TIME FANCIES —By WALLGREN



6,200 AN HOUR DINE IN BIGGEST MESS HALL

Overhead Grandstand System Does Away With "Comin' Through"

FOUR KITCHENS, 32 STOVES

Record Structure Also Serves as Camp's Theater, Church and Prize Fight Center

Messing en masse is one of the problems always confronting the authorities at the big base ports of the S.O.S. At one of the biggest of them they have solved it for one huge gang of Stevedores, at least, by the erection of a mess hall that will accommodate 31,100 men at one sitting; and, if they are spry about being served, it will accommodate upwards of 6,200 per hour.

This biggest of the big in the way of mess halls—a larger one has yet to be heard of in the A.E.F.—is remarkable, however, not so much for its hugeness, but for the scientific manner in which it is constructed. Its most prominent feature is its system of overhead service, whereby the chow is brought up to the serving tables over the heads of the men in line, thus avoiding any break in the steady flow of messkit holders from the serving stands to the dining tables.

It is as if the mess line were going not in to dinner, but in through one of the portals leading out from under a grandstand on to the playing field in a big baseball park or football stadium. As they pass by the portals the chow is heaped on their mess kits, and the K.P.'s who bring it up pass over their heads on the grandstand-like structure above.

No Place for Flies

With a portal for every company being served by the hall, and with the mess sergeants' deputies at the serving table of each company looking alive to see that word gets back to the kitchens before the supply runs too low, it can readily be seen how expeditious the feeding job can be made, and how it can be operated without confusion even in a building fully one-fourth the size of the Chicago Coliseum. Not only are delay and cold grub, two of the things that make mess sergeants hated, obviated, but, by the thorough screening of the whole structure, flies are comparatively unknown in the interior.

The necessary auxiliaries to the mess hall proper include two large kitchens, of 13 stoves each, each stove having a concrete base superimposed upon the kitchen's concrete floor. Each of these large cookeries occupies a ground space of 312 by 60 feet. In addition, there are two smaller kitchens, 100 by 40 feet, designed for but three stoves each, but containing the concrete fixtures, such as wash basins and oven bases, and the huge ice boxes common to their two big sisters.

As if that were not enough, there are provided for the big Stevedore camp of which the mess hall is the center four extra dining rooms, with their attendant kitchens, capable of caring for 500 men each. To store the extra grub needed for this young barrack city of more than 8,000 huskies, three large warehouses are required.

Short Cut to Ocean

Another thing about the messing arrangements of the camp at The Four Corners, as it is locally called—for it is but one of the very large camps in the vicinity—is that there is no long haul for the refuse of the kitchens and the rest of the buildings. Here and there about the grounds are great square yawning receptacles of concrete. They lead straight to an underground sewer and thence to the sea.

The mess hall proper is, of course, the salient point of the camp, which it serves as theater, church and prize fight center, in addition to its regular duties, but the camp itself deserves a passing word of mention. Begun in July, it is now practically completed. It was constructed entirely by American soldiers, both white and colored, and entirely under American Engineers' planning and supervision. Two sawmills and a planer worked day and night on the job of turning out its neat two-story barracks, redolent with the odor of new-cut pine. It is electrically lighted throughout.

While this much has been done for the 8,000 and upward enlisted men who either inhabit it, or are to, the officers in charge of the camp have not been forgotten. For them two old chateaux in the vicinity have been taken over, with practically every room boasting a fireplace as protection against the coming winter.

END OF MONTH STUFF

K.P.: Sergeant, the captain says I'm in need of a little change. I've been on K.P. for——

Sergeant: You'll have to get it off him, then. He's got all of mine.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S. O. S.

The casual, newly out of a base port hospital, approached a strange and middle-aged officer and saluted.

"Would you mind, sir," he inquired, "censoring this letter for me? My buddy up on the hill there is too bunged up to write, and asked me to write home to his folks for him. I got the low-down from a gob that there's a mail boat goin' out tomorrow, and if I mail this downtown this afternoon I can just about make it, I guess. If I wait till I go back up, I can't. I know it's a favor, but I'd be ever so much obliged if you would, sir."

"Certainly," said the officer—he was a major, too—and took the letter. He took one glance at the opening paragraph, and his face turned white.

"Wh — wh — why," he stammered, "that's my boy! Where is he?"

"Up on the hill in ward ——," explained the flustered casual. "And say, sir, he sure put up some pretty scrap before they nicked him!"

Passersby in the immediate vicinity were then and there treated to the unusual but edifying spectacle of a gray-haired major raptly embracing a much-rumpled casual buck private.

"How long you been over here?" a new arrival, just off the dock, asked one of the first hundred thousand.

"How long?" echoed the veteran. "Hell, feller, I've been here so long that when I go home I'll be calling Main Street the Rue Victor Hugo and the Eagle House the Hotel de France!"

There is displayed in the signs of a certain M.T.C. unit a great deal of candor, but restrained candor at that. On the door leading into the business end of the shop is the polite but firm legend: "We prefer to invite you in."

The civilian workers employed by the Army Transport Service on the boats running to and from the States always more or less mystify the newcomers to the base ports. They cannot understand how or why any man in city clothing should both speak and understand American unless he were the Secretary of War or Colonel House or somebody.

"Can it," said one of the A.T.S. men the other day, when a two-striper asked him a question in French. "I'm an American."

"Then why," inquired the old-timer, "don't you wear your Elks' pin to prove it?"

A certain company of the — Engineers, out and lost in the country on a forestry detail, helped the owner of a nearby estate to put out a fire in his chateau not long ago. So much store did the owner set by the aid they gave him that, aside from saying all sorts of nice things about them to their area commander, he presented the company with a check for 1,000 francs.

At first they balked at accepting it, saying that it was all a part of the day's work, that it was all done to further the entente cordiale, that little things like putting out each other's fires were what Allies were Allies for. But the owner was politely insistent, so, rather than offend him—for he had been a most hospitable neighbor to them—they reluctantly accepted.

People who think they know all about Army life would of course wind up the story by stating that the Yanks had a big feed, or that there was a pro rata division of the fund in the afternoon, a game in the evening, and a much-enriched top sergeant in the morning.

What actually happened was that those 1,000 francs remained intact until a celebration day when the whole company marched down in a body to take part in the festivities at the nearest village. There they turned over the whole sum to the French Red Cross.

FLEET MEN TO QUIT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 21.—Department heads of the Emergency Fleet Corporation are preparing to turn their offices over to their successors as soon as the emergency ceases to exist.

Among those who announce that they are ready to return to their own affairs are Charles Piez, general manager of the United States Shipping Board; Vice President Howard Cooley; A. Gerritt Taylor, head of the housing division; Dr. Louis C. Marshall of the industrial relations section; James O. Hayworth, manager of the wooden ship division; M. P. Tuttle of the supply division, and Charles M. Schwab, director general.

First Doughboy: Didn't you miss that half past one shelling last night?

Second Doughboy: Miss it? Why, the silence kept me awake for an hour!

"Why does the corporal still keep his gas mask at alert? Doesn't he know there's an armistice?"

"Yes, but he says he's carried it on his chest so long that he's afraid he'll catch cold if he takes it off."

SANTA FOR EVERY CHRISTMAS TREE

Children of France to Be Brought in to Enjoy Festivities

Our good friends—la jeunesse de la France—who have been saying "good morning" to us every evening now for 18 months, the little boys and girls who have lived through four shadow years but have not lost the irrepressible happiness of childhood, are to be our guests at Christmas time.

When Christmas Eve comes—our second in France—almost every unit in the A.E.F. will have a real Christmas tree, an evergreen with burning candles and little red and green electric lights, strings of gold and silver tinsel and hanging ornaments, a blazing shrine that will bring back memories of other Christmases over home. The boys and girls of the towns and countryside will be invited in.

Yes, and there will be a Santa Claus for every Christmas tree. He will be an A.E.F. Santa Claus with O.D. issue stuff under his white trimmed red robes, and his white whiskers will hide a stubbleless face, and he may speak French with an intonation of Ohio or Texas, but he will be the same good-natured old gentleman who walks with a jingling of tiny bells and is the treasure keeper of those mysterious regions from which Christmas presents come.

In places where there are recreation centers a Christmas play—specially written for the 1918 Christmas—will be given indoors, but at many other places the Christmas tree and the Santa Claus festivities will be given in the open air, perhaps in a park in a small town or in front of the Hotel de Ville. There is a chance that Santa Claus in some of these places may appear behind reindeer, providing the Camouflage Corps can remodel a couple out of the "chevals" or mules belonging to the artillery or transport service.

The stage paraphernalia for the festivities will be supplied by the Y.M.C.A., each unit only having to supply its own tree. Mistletoe, growing on the trees in all parts of France, will be used generally for festooning halls or barrack rooms. The Y.M.C.A. also will supply the manuscripts on the special Christmas play.

Incidentally, the Y.M.C.A. is planning to give every American soldier in France a Christmas box. Each box, and there will be 2,000,000 of them according to arrangements, is to contain two bars of sweet chocolate, two packs of cigarettes, and—well, for the third item in the box you may have your choice of either cream candy, a cigar or a bar of chewing tobacco.

Postal employes attached to the U.S. Postal Agency in the A.E.F. are henceforth to wear the same uniform as field clerks, with the exception that the "U.S." only will be worn on the collar, and that a chevron of gray postal cloth two and one-half inches in diameter, bearing the letters "P.A." three-fourths of an inch high in red, with a red border one-fourth of an inch wide of the same material as the letters will be worn on the left sleeve midway between the elbow and the sleevetop. This is in accord with G.O. 199.

700 MILES IN 4 HOURS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

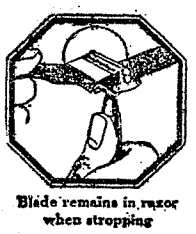
AMERICA, Nov. 21.—Major E. J. Booth and Lieut. Elmer J. Spencer recently flew from the Selfridge aviation field at Mount Clemens, Mich., to Mineola, L. I., in a De Haviland battle plane, a distance of 700 miles, in four hours. This is one of the longest non-stop flights ever made in this country.

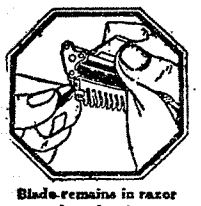
They left Michigan at 11:50 a. m., flew over Toronto, the Adirondacks, down the Hudson valley and arrived at Mineola at 4:30 p. m.

Recruiting Officer: What military experience have you had?

Applicant: I was a captain in Villa's army.

Recruiting Officer (to sergeant): Use him on the K.P. detail.





WIRES KEPT BUSY AS ALLIED CHIEFS SPEED GREETINGS

French and British Army Heads Congratulated by C.-in-C.

CABLES POUR IN AT G.H.Q.

Military and Naval Leaders, Organizations and Individuals at Home Felicitate A.E.F.

From all over the world messages of congratulation have been pouring into General Pershing's headquarters, felicitating him as the representative of the American Expeditionary Forces on the Yanks' part in the consummation of the Allied victory. In like manner, the congratulations of the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. have been sent to the Allied Commander-in-Chief, and to the heads of the Allied Armies by whose side the A.E.F. has fought.

To Marshal Foch, General Pershing wired on the A.E.F.'s behalf:

On this day, made memorable by the signing of the terms of armistice imposed on the common enemy, I send to you my hearty congratulations and those of the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces. We look forward to the not distant future when a glorious peace will crown the work which the Allied Armies, co-operating under your direction, have accomplished for humanity and the world.

To General Petain, commander of the French Armies of the North and the Northeast, the General's message was:

On the occasion of the signing of the terms of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities on the Western front, I send to you and your gallant army the most cordial greetings and hearty congratulations of myself and the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces. It has indeed been a proud privilege and pleasure to participate in this great war and battle by the side of the veteran French armies and to march with them to victory.

General Petain's reply, as translated, reads:

I wish to thank you in my own name, and that of the French Armies, my dear General, for the cordial words you addressed to me. The French will never forget the material and moral aid given by the young American Army, whose intrepid bravery and generous ardor will remain enshrined in legend. At that moment when the adversary appeared to be at the height of his power, the Americans' firm assistance contributed in no little measure to maintain confidence, then to turn the tables, and finally to bring about the glorious victory of today.

The British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, was felicitated by General Pershing in these words:

Please accept my hearty greetings and congratulations and those of the American Expeditionary Forces which we send to you and the Armies under your command on this great day. It has indeed been an honor for the American troops to fight beside your British veterans in a war against the tyranny of militarism. The new associations we have formed will be cherished forever.

Sir Douglas replied:

I am greatly touched by the kind message you have been good enough to send us. The whole British Army joins with me in sending our warmest thanks and greetings to you and to the American forces in France, who have so greatly contributed to the present successful issue. We shall ever remember the heroism of your troops in dangers and difficulties which we shared in common in the recent great battle, and we heartily reciprocate the feelings which you express that our new relations may be developed and continued through all time.

Queen Alexandra's Message

Added to the British commander's congratulations are those of Queen Alexandra, dowager queen of England. Her Majesty wired to General Pershing:

I congratulate you and the magnificent Americans you command on the great share you have taken in the war and in this last victorious advance which has ended so gloriously for the Allies. The courage and spirit of your men has won them the admiration of all who served with them and of all of us here in England. May the remembrance of the close comradeship of these past eventful months be the bond which will ever keep the two nations together in unalterable friendship.

To the forefront of those expressing congratulations to General Pershing and his troops was his co-worker, Vice-Admiral Sims. The Admiral's message reads:

The American Naval Forces in European waters present to General Pershing and the gallant armies under his command their heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious victory to which they have so greatly contributed by their skill, courage, endurance and self-devotion.

And let me add, my dear General, my own very sincere congratulations upon the success of your brilliant leadership.

General Pershing replied:

Please convey to the American Naval forces in European waters the thanks of the American Expeditionary Forces for their congratulation. America's efforts would have been in vain had not the sailors made the ocean route safe for us. The Navy's task has been brilliantly accomplished. The American Army shares gladly the glory of triumph with their brothers in the Navy.

The British Military Representative and the Officers of the British Section of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, sent their warmest congratulations to General Pershing as "commander-in-chief of the great Army of the United States of America, whose magnificent achievements," the message ran, "have done so much to bring about the overwhelming defeat of the aggressive militarism of Germany." In reply, the General wrote:

Please accept my personal thanks and the thanks of the American Expeditionary Forces for your telegram of congratulations. May I take this opportunity to thank you for your cordial co-operation and for the great part that you have played in helping the Allies to victory?

From the United States

Of the many messages from organizations and individuals in the United States, the following, from Seattle, is typical:

The Parents' Association of Soldiers and Sailors extends its sincerest congratulations and heartfelt thanks to you and all men in uniform for your wonderful victory that has hastened peace. You and they have our undying love and thanks.

Mayor Miller, of Lincoln, Neb., inquired by cable, "Upon your return from your glorious work, may not Lincoln, your home city, be the first place after your official visit to Washington, to claim your presence?"

"The victory binds together closer than ever all English speaking people," was the gist of the General's reply to Mr. Alexander Lyle Samuel, honorary secretary of the English Speaking Union, of London. He acknowledged, too, the greetings to the Army from many British municipal councils and civic organizations, saying in reply to a particularly cordial message from the chamber of commerce of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the great shipping center:

Our common cause has bound America and Great Britain together by ties that can never be severed.

TWO OBSERVER ACES ON AIR HONOR ROLL

Second Bags Fifth Plane Week Before Armistice Is Signed

FOKKERS COME IN CLOSE

Pilot Only Bruised in Small of Back When Bullet Pierces Gas Tank

American aerial observers found time, before the armistice was signed, to double their number of aces. They now have two. This may seem like a joke, but it must be remembered that aerial observers are not supposed to be or to have any aces at all. Look on the Q.M.'s allotment books and you will find no entry after "Aces, observers."

Readers of last week's STARS AND STRIPES may recall the story of His Acceship Lieut. William F. Erwin. Lieut. Erwin stood all alone then. He was the only act in the deck. It was a bum shuffle or a raw deal, or something. Some one had stacked the cards and dealt all the other taking cards to the chasse men, which was strictly according to Hoyle.

And now comes (as the subpoenas used to say) Lieut. A. E. Easterbrook, officially credited, up to November 3, with bringing down four enemy planes. On November 3 he got his fifth.

Busy Days for Observers

By November 3 the Americans fighting in the Argonne had crumbled up the Kriemhilde line after a month and a week of persistent, seemingly getnowhere, plugging. They were reaping the fruits of that bitter month. They were advancing not by yards, but by kilometers. And ahead of them, busier than ever before, the eyes of the Air Service were trying to find out just what a half-routed enemy was trying to decide to do.

Lieut. Easterbrook, piloted by Capt. Arthur Clark, was coming back, having seen a lot. First, they were attacked by a biplane, which they chased ten kilometers back into Germany and forced to land. Then they set out for home again.

Four Fokkers came up to bar the way. Capt. Clark's machine gun jammed, and so did Lieut. Easterbrook's. A few agonizing seconds intervened before that jam could be cleared, but cleared it was.

Fokker Quartet Closes In

Meanwhile, the Fokker quartet had closed in to the altogether unhealthy distance of 30 meters. But the unhealthiness worked both ways. Once the jam was cleared and the gun able to talk again, it spoke directly to one of the Fokkers, which forthwith pitched down and landed in a condition scarcely fit to be turned over to the Allies.

The American plane's gas tank was by now more or less sievy. In spite of several G.O.'s to the contrary, it was prodigally giving precious essence away to the whole countryside. It had four sizeable bullet holes in it.

Not all of the bullets had hit the tank, however. One just grazed Lieut. Easterbrook's cheek. Another lost so much momentum in punching its way through two sides of the tank that it could only inflict a black and blue spot when it finally hit Capt. Clark in the small of the back.

They were forced to light not far behind the American line. But as the American line was a highly moveable proposition then, Capt. Clark and the newly-created second observer ace had nothing to worry about.

BUSINESS GETTING READY FOR PEACE

War Industries Board Announces Government Program

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 21.—The Government has plans to bring business back to a peace basis. Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board, announces that a special committee named by the President will conduct the plans. He says:

For some time to come Government contracts must continue on a wide scale. As the demand for raw materials is lessened by the reduction of war requirements, raw materials will be released and apportioned by the War Industries Board to supply civilian and export demands.

In addition to the ordinary commercial requirements, there will be a heavy flow of released materials for the great reconstructional work required by the European countries. At the same time there is to be a gradual lifting of the restrictions and curtailments imposed on industry by the exigencies of the war.

The War Industries Board will continue to exercise its functions until the peace treaty is signed, that the readjustment may be made in as orderly a manner as possible. The committee named by the President has been and now is at work to devise the best mechanism for bringing about an adjustment from a war basis to a peace basis.

The report of the committee may take the form of suggested legislation. The whole effect of the readjustment will be to bring about necessary changes with as little dislocation as possible and with full opportunity for all to benefit as in the past by individual ingenuity, vision and fair dealing.

Financiers and industrial men have been holding meetings of the National Foreign Trade Council to discuss reconstruction after the war. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, recently addressed the council, and declared unqualifiedly against an economic war after the termination of the fighting. He said:

The progress of war has been marked by much discussion of proposals for and conditions of the continuance of the contest by economic forces after the military struggle is ended. Our supreme duty is to see that the peace terms render impossible the continuance of the conditions sought to be corrected or prevented by economic warfare.

Signor Pietro Morgante, President of the Agricultural Society, Francoforte, Italy, telegraphed:

A great victory of the Allied Armies completes the dissolution of the barbarian governments due to the firm, tenacious spirit of the American troops. From the depths of our hearts go forth our feelings of gratitude and thanks to the United States, which with prodigious faith and deeds came to Europe to drive out the oppressor of the peoples. We request you to express to President Wilson our greatest admiration.

From far-away Costa Rica, the minister of war of the republic, on behalf of the government, saluted the A.E.F.'s commander as "the heroic representative of our continent, with the new blood of these lands," proffering congratulations on behalf of Latin America.

D.S.M. FOR C.-IN-C. AS VICTORY COMES

Gen. Bliss Makes Presentation—Chaumont Brings Its Own Gift

Acting under telegraphic instructions from President Wilson, General Tasker L. Bliss, America's military representative at the Allied Supreme War Council, last Saturday presented General John J. Pershing with the Distinguished Service Medal.

The ceremony took place on the parade ground of the old French barracks at Chaumont, American General Headquarters since shortly after General Pershing came to France. The presentation was witnessed by most of the personnel of G.H.Q., high Allied Army officers, and many American officers of high rank.

Before pinning the award upon the breast of the C.-in-C., General Bliss read his telegram of instructions from the War Department:

The President of the United States has awarded a Distinguished Service Medal to General John J. Pershing, and directs that you act as his representative in presenting the medal. He further directs that you say to General Pershing that he awards this medal to the Commander of our Armies in the field as a token of the gratitude of the American people for his distinguished services and in appreciation of the success which our Armies have achieved under his leadership.

When the order had been read, General Bliss said:

To do this, I wish there stood in my place one of the distinguished officers of the Army which you have so splendidly led and which has so gallantly followed you.

You have created and organized, and trained here on the soil of France, an American Army of between two and two and a half million men. You have created the agencies for its reception, its transportation and its supply. To the delight of all of us, you have consistently adhered to your ideal of an American Army under American officers and American leadership. And for months you have fought a continuous battle until, at last, victory has come.

When the last words had been uttered, General Bliss stepped forward and fastened the medal upon the breast of General Pershing. The latter had stood rigidly at attention and relaxed his position only to salute and grasp the hand of General Bliss. His brief acceptance follows:

General Bliss, I know of no honor that could come to an American greater than the honor which has come to me today through your hands from the President and the American people whom I serve.

I can simply say that I thank them and you.

Afterward, in the C.-in-C.'s office, the mayor of Chaumont presented General Pershing with a gold knife upon which was superimposed the seal of the United States.

PLENTY OF CLOTHING TO KEEP ARMY WARM

Q.M. Has Million Jerkins and Several Other Odds and Ends

Although there are 2,000,000 odd American soldiers in France, they will all have enough to wear and be able to keep warm this winter. There is not a chance that doughboys will come out of the next four or five balmy months looking like Peter the Hermit or the army of Valley Forge.

With the boys at the base ports still busy unloading the ships and with tons and tons of O.D. stuff still arriving every day, the Q.M.C., in a breathing period, has just counted up its stores of clothing and found there is enough to go around.

For instance, there are 1,000,000 leather jerkins on hand for troops on outdoor work. Most of the troops on such duty already are wearing their leather jerkins, and they last a long, long time, so the supply on hand is good for many months.

Then there are 2,000,000 blouses and a million and a half breeches and slack trousers. Woolen underdrawers count up to 5,000,000, undershirts total 2,350,000, and there are 8,500,000 pairs of stockings on the shelves.

Heavy blue woolen sweaters were being issued to the American troops holding the Alsace sector through the Vosges mountains.

More than 2,400,000 pairs of field shoes are waiting to be given out, although the Q.M.C. is making all the dollars count and is getting phenomenal wear out of thousands of pairs of worn shoes that are made as good as new at the salvage plants.

Other things on hand include 2,800,000 pairs of wool gloves, 1,900,000 pairs of spiral puttees and 760,000 woolen blankets.